Red and Gray

Clayton Bullin N.C.A.T.S. Class of 22
taught in 1919.

Red and Gray

PUBLISHED BY

T H E

JUNIOR CLASS

NATIONAL CITY HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE 1919

To Mr. John N. Beattie and Miss Rose E. Gehrkens,
our class teachers, we dedicate this volume.

RED AND GRAY STAFF

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ADELE OGDEN	Assistant Literary Editor
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CO-OPERATION

Ada Crandall, '20

Webster's definition of co-operation is: "To operate together for a common end or object." An illustration of the use of the word is given: "Men cannot co-operate successfully for any purpose if the sole bond between them is self-interest."

These, the definition and example, suggest the thought to me that our school cannot grow if the citizens have only their self-interest at heart. What if it is easier just now not to build a new High School? Ultimately it will cost more. Emerson reminds us that "The Cheapest," say the prudent, is the dearest labour."

This fact has often been proved. Men who are cattle-raisers have so far advanced that they realize that better stock can be raised in roomy barns, and untold sums have been spent in improvements. And yet these same men will allow their own offspring to spend the greater part of the day in crowded school rooms, cramped for room and equipment.

Is not this unjust? If it is, is it not, then, time that our citizens realize that they must co-operate with the students in their effort to better their condition?

As was stated, Webster defines co-operation as working together for a common end. If citizens are not working with the students for a common improvement as an end, then they are not co-operating, and where co-operation is lacking, there is failure. This is the inevitable result.

Do we want our school system to become a failure? Then, citizens, it is your duty to co-operate with the school—your school as well as ours—and see to it that it shall not be a failure, but a shining example to those schools which have not yet advanced so far on the Road of Co-operation.

Our Inherent Responsibility

Muriel Hampton, '19

How often, in this age of self-indulgence, do we stop to ask ourselves, "Am I discharging my great responsibility as I should?" Perhaps I am not quite clear in my statement.

Did you ever consider that every word, every action of yours, is bound to be of some influence in the life of another individual? We never live our quota of time merely to or for ourselves alone. From the moment we draw our first breath until long after we have taken our last, our lives are inextricably interlocked. Therefore, it behooves us to be careful, for in this matter of influence, one misdeed, though small and actually counter-balanced by dozens of good ones, may prove the undoing of some other.

All people have the tendency to carefully watch for weakness in others and then use that as an excuse for going astray themselves. How often the frantic mother, calling her youngest to a reckoning, is met with the exasperating, "Johnny done it first, mama, Johnny done it!" And it is especially for those younger than ourselves that we should be thoughtful.

A child sees its elder do something and immediately sets out to perform the self-same action, usually enlarging upon it. I doubt whether we should have the present problem of the too-suddenly-grown-old, over-dressed, fickle grammar school girl if the older sisters in High School had not conducted themselves a little unwisely. We find the upper classmen of our High School, for the most part, a quite sensible and steady group, and yet it is possible to trace the influence of certain of their inconsistencies down through various stages of enlargement until it rests for the moment with students of the seventh grade. How much further will it go?

So bear it in mind, from the beginning of your life you have an inherent responsibility for your fellow-men of today and for countless future generations. You may never know what move of yours will start a wave that rolls with ever-increasing force and finally breaks—where?—only the Creator has power to tell that.

In Memoriam

Pierre Constantine

Class 1921

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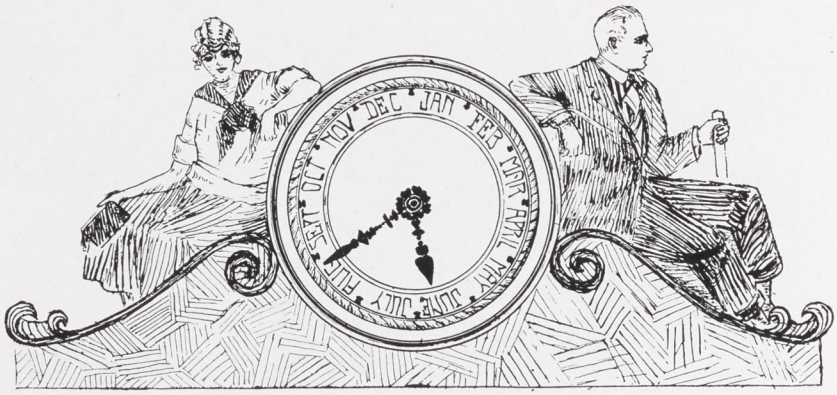


Commencement Calendar

Saturday, May 24, 8:00 P. M.
Junior Promenade.....Auditorium, Chula Vista Grammar School

Thursday, May 29, 6:00 P. M.
Honor Scholarship Society and Board of Education Banquet.....Domestic Science Hall

Sunday, June 15, 7:30 P. M.
Baccalaureate Address.....Congregational Church
Rev. E. S. Hill

Monday, June 16, 3:00 P. M.
Laying of the Class Stone.....High School Patio

Monday, 3:30 P. M.-5:30 P. M.
Faculty Reception to the Seniors.....
.....Parlors of Congregational Church

Monday, 8:00 P. M.
Senior Class Night.....High School Auditorium

Wednesday and Thursday, June 18-19, 8:20 P. M.
Senior Play.....High School Auditorium

Friday, June 20, 8:00 P. M.
Graduation Exercises.....High School Auditorium

Saturday, June 21, 6:00 P. M.
Alumni Banquet and Meeting.....High School

Honor Scholarship Report

For The Year 1919

FRESHMEN

Leona Ahlee
Ewen Campbell
Clara Milburn
Dorothy Schurch
Marjorie Beck
Theresa Cox
Aaron Miller
Harry Schurch
Bertram Stewart
Mary Campbell
Edna Hoover
Myrtle Osborne
Helen Snook

SOPHOMORES

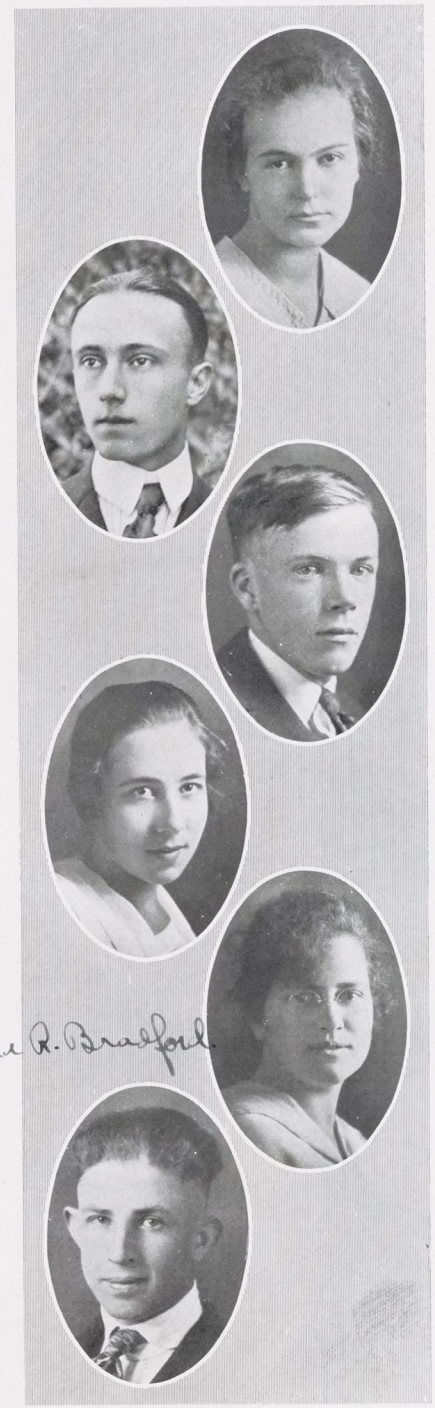
Edward Amos
Ruth Hawkins
Robert Ogden
Esther Craft
Lucille Hooker
Nora Perman
Howard Scobey
Louis Hanchett
Myrtle Milburn
Margaret Porter

JUNIORS

Virginia Howard
Adele Ogden
Fred Wagner
Helen Petermann

SENIORS

Ernestine Adams
Ruth Coburn
Muriel Hampton
Lester Allen
Majorie Edwards
Robert Mitchell
Marvin Byers
James Hamilton
Dorothy Soper



Merna R. Bradford

ADAMS, ERNESTINE

"Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit."

Vice-Pres. Literary Society '16; Mock Trial '18; Second Prize for stories in Red & Gray '18; Honor Scholarship Society '18, '19; Sec. A. S. B. '19; Senior Play '19; First prize for stories in Red & Gray '19

ALBRECHT, WALTER GEORGE

"Prithee, why so mute?"

Vice-Pres. Literary Society, 16; Vice-Pres. Class '17; Baseball '17, '18, '19; Letter Society '17, '18, '19; Treas. Class '18; Junior Play '18; Battalion Quartermaster '19.

ALLEN, LESTER THEODORE

"Favors to none.
To all his smiles extends."

Honor scholarship Society '18, '19; Junior Play '18; A. S. B. Play '18, '19; Basketball '19; Football '19; Valedictorian; First Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant '19.

BOULETTE, MARION LOUISE

"Caresses lie as much in the voice and in the looks as in the actions."

First Honor in Orations '18; Basketball '18; Manager '19; Indoor Baseball 18; A. S. B. Play '18; Chinese Operetta '18; Cleff Club '18, '19; Letter Society, '18, '19; Senior Play '19.

BRADFORD, MERNA RAMONA

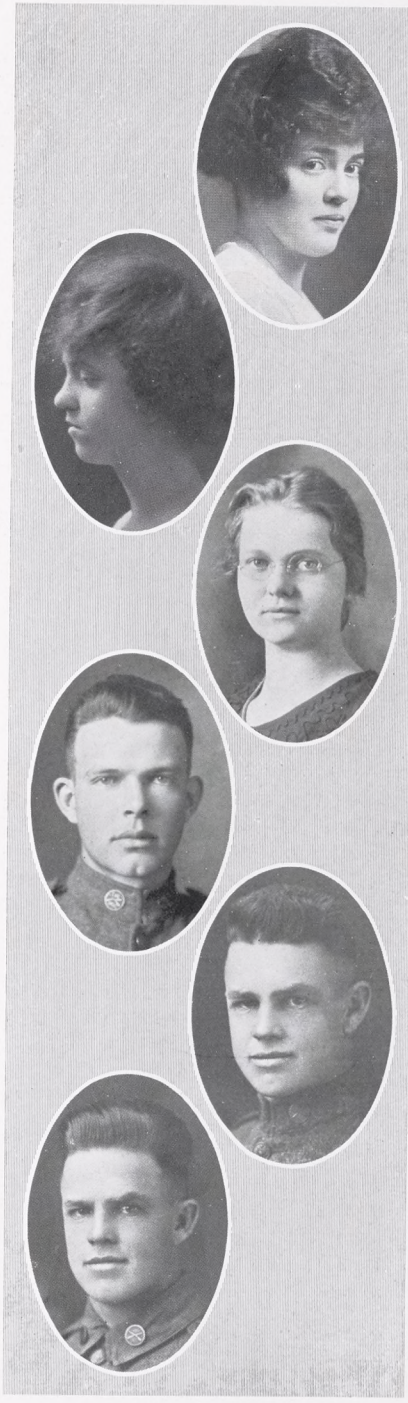
"Her hair was thick with many a curl that clustered around her head."

Lewis & Clark High School, Spokane Wash. Chinese Operetta '18; Cleff Club, '18, '19.

BRAINARD, THEODORE

"You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar."

Sec. Class '16; Las Cruces High School '17; Sec. Literary Society '18; Baseball '16, '18, '19; Top Sergeant '19.



BYERS, VIOLET MARVIN

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

Sec. Literary Society '18; Mock Trial '18; Sec. Class '19; Executive Committee '19.

CHAMBERS, ALMA

"Her voice was soft, and low—
An excellent thing in woman."

Senior Play '19; Vice-President Literary Society '19.

COBURN, RUTH BURNETTE

"For man's a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion."

Latin Play '17; Third Honor in Oration '18. Junior Play '18; Literary Editor Red & Gray '18; Vice-Pres. Literary Society '18; Honor Scholarship Society '18; A. S. B. Play '19.

COLBURN, PAUL WILLIS

"So much one can do,
That does both act and know."

Pres. Class '16, '17; First Prize, San Diego Exposition Comp. Contest '17; A. S. B. Play '17, '18, '19; Junior Play '18; Member S. A. T. C; Major High School Cadets '19; Sport Editor Red & Gray '18; Vice-Pres. A. S. B. '18; Basket Ball '18, Capt. 19; Cleff Club '18, '19; Letter Society '18, '19; Pres. A. S. B. '19; Senior Play '19.

EDMONDS, JAMES CLARK

"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."

Baseball '16, '17, '18, '19; Mgr. Baseball '18. Tennis '16, '17, '18, '19; A. S. B. Play '17, '18; Honor Scholarship Society '18; Basket Ball '18, '19; Letter Society '18, '19; Member S. A. T. C.; Junior Play '18; Second Lieut. Cadets '19.

EDMONDS Jr., BISHOP JACOB

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

Tennis '16, '17, '18, '19; Baseball '16, '17, '18, '19; Pres. Tennis Club '17, '18; Capt. Baseball '19; Basketball '19; Mgr. Red & Gray '18; Pres. Cleff Club '18; Letter Society '16, '17, '18, '19; Second Prize San Diego Exposition Comp. Contest '17; Vice-Pres. Cleff Club '19; Treas. Student Body '19; Second Lieut. Cadets '19.

EDWARDS, MAJORIE

"Her lively looks, a sprightly mind disclose."

Sec. Literary Society '16; Ex. Committee '16, '17; Latin Play '17; A. S. B. Play '17, '19; Pres. Literary Society '18, '19; Junior Play '18; Senior Play '19.

FISH, HELEN JOSEPHINE

"She was good as she was fair.
To know her was to love her."

San Diego High School; A. S. B. Play '19.

HAMILTON, JAMES FRANCIS

"His words like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command."

Sec. Literary Society '16; Ex. Committee '16, '17; Letter Society '16, '17, '18 '19; Football '16, '17, '18; Basketball '16, '17, '18, '19; Mgr. Baseball '17; Baseball '18, '19; Mgr. Basketball '18; Sec. Agricultural Club '17; Junior Play '18; Honor Scholarship Society '18; Member S. A. T. C.; Vice-Pres. Class '19; Cadet Captain '19.

HAMPTON, MURIEL CLARA

"Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and wisdom."

Union High School, Riverview, California. Literary Editor So' Western '18; Honor Scholarship Society '18, '19; Literary Editor Red & Gray '19; Salutatorian.

HUNIE, MARION

"But so fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware."

New Haven High School; Latin Play '17; Editor Red & Gray '18; Junior Play '18; Pres. Class '18; Honor Scholarship Society '18; Pomona College '19.

LOCKHART, MARGUERITE SOPHIA

"Come and trip it as you go, on the light, fantastic toe."

San Diego High School.

MITCHELL, ROBERT CHARLES

"Music, the fiercest of grief can charm."

Muncie High School, Indiana. Mock Trial '18; Honor Scholarship Society '18. '19; A. S. B. Play '19; School Orchestra '19; Cadet Color Sergeant '19; Senior Play '19.

PETERMANN, FREDERICK CARL

"There's honesty, manhood, and good fellowship in thee."

Trans-Continental Tour '16; Pres. Agricultural Club '17; A. S. B. Play '18; Cadet First Lieut. '19; Treas. Class '19.

PHELPS, MARION LOUISE

"And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

Mock Trial '18.

POWER, JOHN WALKER

"Give me the ocular proof!"

Pres. Literary Society '16; Junior Play '18; Student Body Play '18; Foot Ball '19; Batallion Sergeant-Major '19.

RICHARDSON, ACKLEY ALBERT

"Cheerful at morn; he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes."

Agricultural College; Redlands University.

RICHARDSON, NORTON HAROLD

"Happy those early days when I shines in my angel infancy."

Latin Play '17; Pres. Literary Society '17; Honor Scholarship Society '18; Manager Football '19.

SCOTT, BERTHA ADELINE

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, and command."

Girl's Basketball '17, Mgr. '18, Capt. '19. Indoor Baseball '17, Capt. '18, '19; Cleff Club '18, '19; Chinese Operetta '18; Sec'y A. S. B. '18; Art Editor, Red and Gray, '18; Letter Society '18, '19; Honor Scholarship Society '18; Vice-Chairman Jr. Red Cross '19; Pres. Class '19; Senior Play '19.

SHAVER, RUTH

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."

San Diego High School

SOPER, DOROTHY ELIZABETH

"She is fair, and fairer than that word of wondrous virtues."

Mock Trial '18; Honor Scholarship Society '18; Sec. Literary Society '19; Senior Speaker.

History of 19th Battalion

Ruth Coburn, '19

About eighty of us enlisted in 1915 in the 19th Battalion. The officer in charge of National City High Camp informed us that four years' training would be necessary before we could hope to receive an honorable discharge, so, under the leadership of our officers, we started to work with a will. We raised our banner—the Blue and White—over the camp, and enraged our officers by the racket which we made at battalion meetings. At the end of the year, at roll call, we found that we had suffered fifteen casualties.

More than fifty of us went "Over the Top" into Sophomore year. Here we gained renown in all kinds of athletics. Within our ranks were found the tennis champions of the year, also members of the school baseball, basketball, and football teams. We were represented in the cast of the A. S. B. play and in the Latin play. Two of our members brought us fame in the field of natural science by winning prizes in the San Diego Exposition contest, while another brought us recognition in a Federal Agricultural contest.

Though our company was the smallest of those in training in National City High Camp in 1918, we continued to carry off honors in athletics, dramatics, and scholarship, nine of our number being elected to the new Scholarship Society. We engaged actively in war work and had the honor of making the highest average in the A. L. F. campaign.

Hardly had we started on our last year of training than we were driven from the field by our enemy, "Flu." When he was routed, we returned. At the same time we welcomed back our members who had joined the S. A. T. C. Our boys continued to bring us laurels in athletics, and our girls, too. In dramatics, we not only sustained but also added to our reputation. We did not confine ourselves to the pursuit of the serious, but gave some time to social activities. One of the most pleasing of these came on a spring day, when we ditched the rules and regulations and went to the country to enjoy ourselves.

Only twenty-seven of us are left to receive our honorable discharges, but we hope, though our numbers are comparatively small, that we may bring glory to our school in return for the training which we have received here.

Senior Ditch Day

Ernestine Adams, '19

FROM THE DIARY of the MARCH HARE

(One day's observations in my study of the group of human students known as the Senior Class of National High School.)

March 7, 1919, 8:00 A. M.—Arrived at a place called the City Limits and observed a number of automobiles and humans carrying numerous parcels of food, coming from all directions and collecting at the curb.

8:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.—Rode several miles out into the country past Hygeia Springs, on the top of the first machine, where I had taken up my station in order to remain with the party. Stopped once on the road to wait for the other machines. The humans got out. Some boys, and a red-headed girl named Marvin, took some snapshots. A tall boy executed a graceful dance, proclaiming in a sweet voice, that "Spring is here!" and allowed the red-haired girl to photograph him against a blossoming peach tree.

Passed Mr. Spafford's machine, which had just had a blowout. Arrived at a good picnic ground, where some of the students proceeded to play ball and to break Mr. Spafford's windshield. I was curious to know who this unfortunate man, Spafford, might be, and soon discovered that he was the official chef. After he had cooked beans and made coffee, the students ate luncheon, all finally gathering around one girl and yelling with great enthusiasm, "Hey, Merna! Gimme some of that cake! Oh-h-h! Yum, Yum!"

Mr. Colburn, the ertswhile exponent of nature interpretative dancing, entertained with a spectacular high dive into the creek. A number of the students got up a game of ball, others climbed hills and hunted wild flowers. I observed a group of them being initiated by Mrs. Spafford into the mysteries of mumble-peg. Some of the venerable Seniors revived the days

of their youth by jumping rope, in which accomplishment Miss Boulette proved her superiority by jumping "pepper" faster than anyone else. Late in the afternoon, Mr. Petermann, with a company of fellow-explorers, discovered and killed a large rattlesnake. They were snapshotted with the trophy, and then skinned it.

One called John, who was, by the way, quite a Power among the girls that day, and a group of fellow-students, were compelled to return home early in the evening because of business appointments. The rest of the party went on to a place called Honey Springs and then a long way past it, but came back after a vain search for the springs. An obliging chap, named Brainard, opened and closed all the gates.

Encamped by a bridge which spanned a shallow river. The humans built a fire, roasted wienies and ate them with buns. Then they sat around the fire, rested, and gazed at the moon. Chef Spafford executed a spirited toe-dance around the fire, closely followed by his understudy, Brainard, both shouting and yelling in a peculiar manner, by which, I knew, they meant to imitate Indians.

The students put out their fire and prepared to return home. Their Ditch day—Ah, wonderful day! when books and blackboards are forgotten, which comes but once in the lifetime of mortal students—was over.

Juniors

Junior Class History

Adele Ogden, '20

Law, honey, ain't I tell you 'bout de Junyah class? Den you lissen, kase ef dere evah wuz enny dat equal it, I ain't heern tell 'bout it. W'en dey wuz Freshmen, de Sophomoahs begun fer ter talk how day wuz gwinter 'nitiate dem. De Freshmen ain't say nothin'. but bimeby one day, dey all pitch in en gin dem Sophomoahs such a lickin' dat dey hain't got nothin' ter say. En w'ats mo. dat evenin' dey gin de Freshmen a party, so's ter show dere ain't no bad feelin's twixt dem. 'Twa'n't long 'fo' de Freshmen showed dere hospitality in er dance w'at de Sophomoahs made great 'miration 'bout. Fuddermo', dat same yeah dese yere Freshmen beat de Sophomoahs in debatin'.

Arter dis reputation, de Freshmen wuz boun' ter keep it up w'en dey wuz Sophomoahs. En dey did! De Fust ting dey did wuz ter settle de Freshmen. Dose Freshmen dat yeah wuz er mighty biggity bunch, but it didn't take long fer dem ter fin' out who's w'ich en w'ich's who. Den come de Junyah-Sophomoah rush. Arter a night en arternoon ob fightin', dem Junyahs wuz jes' 'bout done foah. Dat night dey all got out de vittles en had a 'licious feast.

De nex' yeah, w'en dey wuz Junyahs, wuz de mos' 'portant yeah ob de class of nineteen-twenty. De Sophomoahs wuz braggin' 'roun' how dey wuz gwineter lick us. Lemme tell you dis, dat w'en you see dese yere swell-head folks like dat comin', you can be suah dey ain't wuth nothin'. No, dey ain't. Dere wuz considerbul fightin' de night 'fo' de rush en dem Sophomoahs 'low dat dey had us beat. But nex' mawnin' dey wuz sortah 'stonished ter see postahs stuck all obah town wid "1920" on dem. De nex' day arter a funeral oration obah dem, we beat dem all 'round. But dat night de peace treaty wuz signed, en de Junyahs gin de Sophomoahs a mos' enjoyable dance.

'Bout dis time Mr. Beattie say dat ef de Junyahs come down ter his house nex' Friday evenin', he gin de whole caboodle un um a party. Dey wuz all dere en dey all confess arterw'ads dat dey had de mos' fun ob dere libes.

Co'se de mos' 'portant doin's ob de yeah wuz de Junyah promernade, en lemme tell you dis, dat wuz de bes' promernade dat evah wuz in National High.

Fuddermo' de Junyahs put out de bes' Red en Gray dat yeah, dat had evah been put out befo'.

All de uder classes wuz jealous ob us, kase we had de bes' class teachers in the school—Mr. Beattie en Miss Gehrkens.

Everbudy wid enny jedgement confessed dat we wuz de bes' fightahs, de bes' entertainahs, en dat we had de bes' brains ob de whole school, en de Sophomoahs needn't deny it, kase we licked dem twice w'ile dey wuz in school.

Sophomores

Sophomore Class History

Myrtle Milburn, '21

The Freshmen know their greenness,
The Juniors boast of pep,
But you just watch the Sophomores,
We've not done our best yet.

We entered in as Freshmen
In nineteen-seventeen,
Of course, the other classes thought,
"They're greenest of the green."

This year we entered High School
To study with a will.
We have lessened some in numbers;
But not so with our skill.

One morning in the early fall
We had a big surprise,
There was garlic in the study hall,
It filled mouth and nose and eyes.

At two o'clock that afternoon
Our field day stunts we gave,
And all the Juniors' whoops and cheers
Did not the Freshies save.

Twice old King Flu usurped the throne,
And we at home did stay.
The wise ones made their book reports;
The others doubtless played.

Since school began a second time,
We have studied hard and late,
We have crammed our minds with knowledge,
Enough to make them break.

Soon came our week of basketball,
Each class sent out its team.
The Sophie girls here showed their skill;
They're the winning team it seems.

February fourteenth we had a "Rush,"
It afforded lots of fun.
The Sophomores made a gallant Fight;
But the Junior classmen won.

Our chosen motto is "Over the Top,"
Our colors the Red, White, and Blue;
We will do our best for records clean;
For we honor our colors true.

Freshmen

Freshman Class History

Helen Snook, '22

In nineteen eighteen on September three
We came to National High,
And Oh! what a glorious class were we,
When we heard the Soph's great cry.

It did not worry us at all
That they won in contests many;
We all came flocking to the hall,
Glad it cost us not a penny.

Gay were we with hair disheveled,
Listening to their program rare;
Tho' our pride had been quite leveled,
We admit that they played fair.

The girls won out in basket ball
From Seniors and from Juniors, too,
The boys, poor kids, won not at all,
To save their "reps," what can they do?

Our pennant is of Belgian blue,
Because their spirit we admire.
And, if to this we're ever true,
'Twill carry us thro' every fire.

DRAMATICS

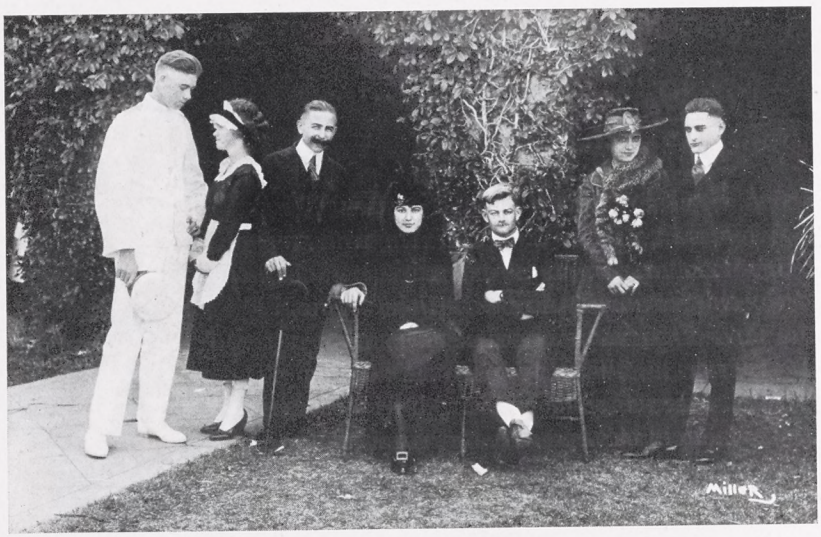
Senior Play

In the Spring of 1919, the dramatic coach looked high and low for a play suitable in tone and characters to the material in the Senior Class. In view of the heavy drains made by the unusually difficult year, the desire for something light was, indeed, a legitimate one. At length, the decision fell to "Great Uncle Tom's Widow," a satiric comedy, bordering at times on farce, presenting by clever dialogue an interpretation of life as lived by a group of Eastern society people. The play gave the actors admirable opportunities to score success.

Paul Colburn, one of our most experienced actors, whose work has been one of our most enjoyable features in dramatics for three years, interpreted the likeable Tom Burke with charm, finish, and convincingness. Majorie Edwards, whose sheer ability as an actress has been one of the delightful discoveries of our productions, had again a role that allowed her gifts happy expression. Robert Mitchell, after his experience in the Student Body Play, was well prepared for larger parts and, consequently, gave an excellent characterization of Philip Morton, an impetuous young American. In her portrayal of the delicately difficult, yet brilliant acting part of Helen Warner, Bertha Scott disclosed remarkable ability. Not often have we seen more realistic acting than that by Ernestine Adams, in the character of Lyra Burke. Marion Boulette, an actress who has delighted us on a former occasion with her performance of a character

part, again forsook her own personality to portray that of an older woman. Alma Chambers, in her first play, gave us a pleasing interpretation of a minor role.

The play was especially noteworthy for charm and lightness, the satire being exceedingly facile and the humor playing over every suggestion of seriousness. The setting was distinctly charming; an out-of-door scene with lattice, flowers, and moonlight, a triumph of achievement on our stage.



Junior Play

"Won by Wireless"

The Junior Class, after numerous delays caused by quarantines, produced on January 30th and 31st, the enjoyable play, "Won by Wireless," a light comedy with a modern setting. The action took place on board "The Mistress Mary," in mid-ocean, where Geraldine Ainsworth was finally won by Jack Simms, a resolute young man, of whom Mr. Ainsworth disapproved because of his financial circumstances.

Although this was the first stage experience of practically all the cast, yet, under the direction of Miss Wadlington, a splendid group of young actors and actresses was developed.

Mary Belle Saltmarsh, as Kitty, a captivating, coquettish maid, and Charles Austin, as Captain Robert Faulkner, furnished some amusing and well-acted scenes in the course of their love affair. Harry Wade performed a long and difficult piece of acting in the part of Mr. Ainsworth. The part of Lady Caroline was acted admirably by Fay Jordan. The star of the play was Wilbur Harris in the character of Count di Lucca, an Italian nobleman and the rival of Jack Simms. His was an exceedingly difficult role, which he performed to perfection. Joseph Vurgason and Gladys Riggle, as hero and heroine, respectively, were especially adapted to the characters of Jack Simms and Geraldine Ainsworth, and their interpretation of the characters was exceedingly realistic.

Student Body Play

"Fanny and the Servant Problem"

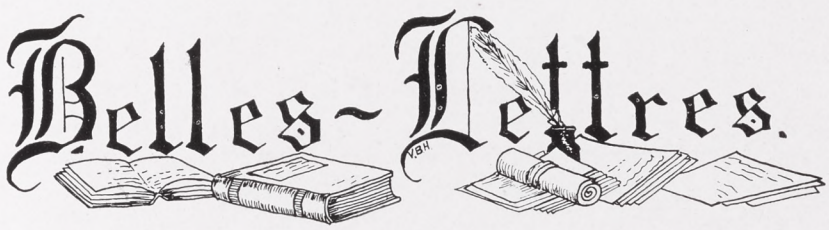
The A. S. B. play this year was, without doubt, one of the best dramatic productions ever staged in the N. C. H. S. auditorium. After three successful performances in National City, "Fanny and the Servant Problem" was produced in Chula Vista.

Fanny, an actress, married Lord Bantock, thinking him to be plain Vernon Wetherell, an artist. Upon arriving at the Bantock Hall, she discovered not only that she had married an English lord, but that she was mistress of a household which kept twenty-three servants, all near relations of her own. Naturally, many complex and humorous situations arose.

The cast was exceptionally fine. Majorie Edwards interpreted the character of Fanny, or Lady Bantock, in an exceedingly realistic manner. Many auditors have said that she did not act her part, but actually lived it, from the moment she entered until she left the stage. Paul Colburn was very well adapted to the character of Lord Bantock, a handsome, wealthy English lord. Lester Allen is also to be commended for the fine piece of acting he did as Bennett, the butler. In fact, praise is due all the players for the finish with which they enacted their parts. Great credit must be given Miss Mary E. Wadlington for the patient and thorough training of the cast.

The other members of the cast were: Miss Edith Wetherell, Mildred Fish; Miss Alice Wetherell, Helen Fish; Dr. Freemantle, Robert Mitchell; Mrs. Bennett, Ruth Coburn; Jane Bennett, Virginia Howard; Honoria Bennett, Adele Ogden; Ernie Bennett, Alfred Tarr; George Newte, Welbourne Thompson; Seven Friends of Lady Bantock - Kathryn Coburn, Ruby McCool, Florence Markham, Esther Craft, Rita Hamann, Lucile Hooker, and Ione Fritz.

Student Body Play



First Prize Story

A Tale of Old California

Ernestine Adams, '19

After leaving the University of California, I fell in with a company of archaeologists who were engaged in research work for the Historical Society of California. They were making some excavations around the ruins of the old Mission San Diego de Alcala. After digging around for some days, guided by an old map we had picked up, and almost despairing of ever finding anything of value, we stumbled onto an old box of wood and iron so rusted and decayed that it fell apart as soon as we took it from the earth. It contained a rosary with an ancient and beautifully carved crucifix and several rolls of parchment covered with writing in some sort of cipher. After a great deal of study, we finally deciphered the manuscript and found it to be the diary, written in quaint, old Spanish, which we with difficulty translated, of a monk of the Franciscan order, who had lived at the Mission in the early days of its prosperity. The name of this Catholic Pepys was Padre Gutierrez, and his writings proved to be more interesting than historically valuable. A part of this curious old document contained the following narrative, which reads like fiction to the prosaic modern, but which is true notwithstanding, unless we are to doubt the word of the holy Padre Gutierrez.

Don Romero, Governor of San Diego, came to California from Spain, in the year 1819, bringing with him his beautiful daughter, the Señorita Isabella. Hearing the rumors of rebellion which came to him soon after his arrival, he wished to send her again to Spain, for he feared for her safety in the event of an uprising. But the maiden was a true Hija de Castilla, and she proudly refused to leave him; and her father, who loved her

above all things on earth, had not the heart to force her to return to the land of her childhood.

But the movement for revolt gradually grew stronger, and news of plots and uprisings came from Nueva Espana; the garrison was kept constantly on the alert, and Don Romero sent south for re-enforcements to protect the Mission.

In connection with these pilots, the name of El Americano was often mentioned. This Americano was a notorious pirate and smuggler, a desperado who had terrorized the coasts of Nueva Espana for several years. Almost nothing was known of this wicked and ungodly man beyond the fact that he had accumulated vast wealth through illegal trade in stolen Russian furs and Peruvian gold. and that he had been a citizen of the Estados Unidos. Now, it seems, he had interested himself in the political situation in Nueva Espana.

Early in the spring of 1820 the Governor went for a short visit to the great Rancheria de las Palmas, to the north of San Diego. The fair Isabella was left with a train of Indian women to wait upon her and a guitar with which to amuse herself during her father's absence. Late one afternoon after his departure, she sat in the patio of her home, sewing and singing in the joy of a clear conscience and a peaceful mind. She glanced upward suddenly and beheld a man climbing over the wall of the patio, and would have cried out in alarm had he not entreated her silence.

"Have no fear of me, buena señorita. Nothing shall harm you. I seek but the shelter of your house for a few moments," he said, as he dropped into the shrubbery in the patio, "I have enemies."

The girl was reassured by the courteous manner of the stranger and allowed him to remain until he thought his danger was passed. He was tall and muscular, with a sun-browned face, blue eyes and fair hair—a magnificent masculine figure. I have once seen him and shall always remember him.

When he left, thanking her for her hospitality, Isabella stood wondering whether he was a stranger in the town and whence he came; for she could see from his appearance and the foreign accent of his speech that he was not an Indian or a Spaniard.

Thereafter, the stranger returned twice or thrice, though uninvited, to visit the Governor's daughter, on the pretext that he was lonely and eager for human companionship, being an

American and far from home and friends. And the maiden, also far from her native land, found herself not unwilling to receive him, to play for him on her guitar, and to hear him tell of his adventures. Then one day, shortly before the Governor's return, he told her that he loved her and begged her to go away with him and marry him. She answered that she could not accept his proposals without her father's consent. But he declared that to disclose his presence in San Diego would mean his undoing, and Isabella finally promised not to mention him to the Governor.

On the day following, Don Romero arrived with the news that the pirate El Americano's ship had been lately seen near San Diego harbor, and immediately called a council of the nearby ranch owners and the military leaders to arrange for his capture. He described the pirate to his daughter and told her what he had heard of him. The little señorita was terrified at the news, for who could be the dreaded Americano but her unknown American suitor? She was impatient to see him again, for she was resolved to make him disclose his identity.

The sun had sunk below a crimson horizon when Isabella entered the patio where she was accustomed to meet the American. In the air there was a fresh scent of spring flowers and growing things. A faint breeze blew in from the bay. A mocking-bird, the nightingale of the Pacific, trilled his song in the orange groves and intensified the quiet of the evening. When the American at last appeared, the Señorita Isabella, in great agitation, told him what she had heard from her father.

"Yes," he admitted, "I am he who is known as El Americano, and I am ruined if I stay another day in San Diego."

He hurriedly gave her an account of his career and his present business, for he was, indeed, engaged in revolutionary plots, and ended by entreating her to fly with him to some distant country where he could begin life anew. Isabella could not answer. She must decide between her loyalty to her father and her country and her love for a self-confessed pirate and conspirator. He swore that he would give up the life he had been leading, that he had already buried near the Mission a quantity of treasure—which I have since vainly searched for— and that the crew of his ship was even then at the point of mutiny, in the suspicion that he had gone over to the Spaniards. At last, she reached the decision that she could not go with him; but, if he

should ever return a free man and not a fugitive from justice, she would marry him.

He left her to return to his ship, and Isabella went into the house. She was met by the Governor, who had just returned from a visit with Don Guzman, the commander of the garrison.

"We will not long be troubled with El Americano," he said. "Guzman tells me the presumptious bandit was seen in San Diego today. I have given orders for him to be shot at sight."

With a cry Isabella rushed from the house and ran into the town in the vain hope of reaching the American and warning him before it was too late. As she came into the town, she heard shouts and a shot fired, and saw a crowd gather in the street. The crew of the American's ship had mutinied and, after coming ashore, had encountered the troops that Don Romero had sent for. As the girl reached the mob and discovered El Americano, one of the pirates raised a pistol and fired at his captain. The shot missed its mark, but struck the Señorita Isabella. The American shot the murderer and was fighting his way toward the dying Isabella, when he was stabbed by one of his own men.

Don Romero, who had arrived on the scene a few moments before his daughter's death, heard the story of her tragic love from her lips. A short time afterward, he resigned his position and returned, a heartbroken man, to his native Spain.

This story, whether true or the invention of the old Franciscan's brain, gave an interesting clue toward buried treasure; but, as the pirate seems to have left no map or directions as to where the treasure was to be found, we may assume that it still lies buried in the hills around San Diego Mission.

Second Prize Story

His Mistake

Gladys Downs, '21

Not long ago there occurred an incident, or rather a combination of incidents, which I now feel I am justified in telling. A sufficient length of time has elapsed since their occurrence, I think, to enable me to write without any fear of betraying a confidence; for I doubt if there is anyone now in National High School, with the exception of myself, who remembers, or even knew Leslie Bates, or the incidents connected with his Senior year at High. As for myself, I remember them well. Leslie Bates was a Senior, but in many respects he acted like a Freshman. He had not learned what every upper-classmen knows; that teachers and bumble-bees are good things to let alone. If he had known this, I could not now write the story.

At the beginning of his Senior year, Leslie was puzzled to know what to do. He had managed, somehow, with the help of his schoolmates, to slide through the first three years; but the first week of his 4B work convinced him that it was too difficult to bluff through, as he had done in other years. He wondered what he could do. If he could get through with a good mark in English, he would be all right, but English was his weak subject; the others he could scrape through with in some way. Studying hard was out of the question, and yet he had to graduate.

He allowed another week to pass—a week of "failures." Then he seemed to have made up his mind, for the expression he had worn during the first two weeks gave way to a smile—a grim smile, full of determination.

Monday morning he appeared with a huge bouquet of flowers, tied with a ribbon. These he presented to his English teacher, and she thanked him with a smile.

Leslie continued to bring the most beautiful flowers every morning, and he thought he saw some improvement in his marks. His record contained a few "3's" among the great aggregation of "4's." He felt quite encouraged; and, meeting the teacher at noon one day, he offered her some chocolates he had in his pocket, which the teacher graciously accepted. After that he made it a point to happen casually to meet her outside at

noon, and to offer her courteously some chocolates which would happen to be in his pocket.

One day he happened to be driving his automobile past the school at closing time. (I assure you it was quite accidental.) When the teacher came out, she was delighted to accept his invitation to ride home.

The next day he brought his mother to school and introduced her to the teacher. They soon became acquainted, and the teacher gladly accepted an invitation to join an auto party on Saturday. Indeed, she accepted all his attentions and seemed to enjoy them thoroughly.

Meanwhile Leslie examined his marks at every opportunity; and, while he was not altogether satisfied, he was not discouraged and continued his designs up to the last day of school. The last week he redoubled his attentions and wound up his campaign with a joy-ride and a luncheon. Then he held his breath and waited.

Finally, the last day arrived, and the cards were to be distributed. Leslie, very anxious, nervously walked the halls; and, at last getting up an unusual supply of nerve, he went up to the English room.

"May I see my card now?" he asked.

"Is it necessary that you should see your card before the regular distribution?" asked the teacher.

"Why—yes—it is."

"All right," she answered, and handed him the card.

He glanced assuredly at it—but one look overcame him completely. There, opposite the subject, "English," was a,—was—a, —a, a "4."

"I—I—well I don't just under-s-t-and," muttered Leslie.

"Well," said the teacher, "I debated a long time whether to give you a passing grade or not. I at last decided that I—a, —I couldn't spare you. Why, Leslie, what do you suppose I'd do without your kind attentions?"

The young man looked at the teacher a moment with an expressionless face; and, then, without uttering a word, he immediately left the room, but not before he had heard the teacher, unable to conceal her mirth, burst into a fit of laughter.

Third Prize Story

Aunt Matilda and The Orphan

Florence Markham, '21

Aunt Matilda, a woman of middle age, sat in her sunny window, looking out over the meadow. Her fingers were busy as she worked over a pair of red mittens; and, as the shadows fell, changing the brilliantly colored fields to purple, she dropped her knitting on her lap and heaved a sigh. William would soon be in from milking. She arose, lighted the lamp, and began to prepare the evening meal.

One could tell Aunt Matilda was worried by the frown upon her brow and the nervous way in which she went about preparing the meal. As William, her brother, came in, he eyed her wonderingly.

"What's the matter, Tillie?" he asked sympathetically. "Has anything gone wrong?"

The question sent a nervous sensation through Matilda, an almost guilty feeling. Should she tell William and ask his opinion on the matter, or should she answer the letter she had received from the postman that morning, without consulting him?

Upon a moment's consideration she answered him prudently.

"Well, you know that the orphan home up there at Hollow Creek, don't you, William? It's a new home for them poor orphans from the city, and the whereabouts, and it seems that the house is so full that the people what runs it wants some of us folks around here to take one or two into our homes for a spell in the summer. Bless me, I don't know nothin' about children, and I ain't hankerin' to have my home all tore up by some pesterin' child, air you, William?"

"Well, now, Tillie, I can't see's 'tud hurt nothin', and fact is, I could do with a boy to help me a spell in the haying time."

"I know, William, but these here children ain't but eight or ten at the most; and a lot of good a boy of eight could do you."

"Please yerself, Tillie. Do just what you think best," and William went out for his evening smoke.

She knew he would say this as he always left her to please herself.

Before going to bed, Matilda had written a short formal letter to the matron of the home, condescending to take one of the children for four weeks in the summer. She had insisted that the child be very obedient, the oldest in the home, and a child who was willing to help around the farm a little.

As Matilda sat knitting near the same window about a month later, her eyes kept straying over the pasture to where the country road came winding lazily over the hill. William had gone to Hollow Creek in the early morning to get their new protegee, and it was time he was returning. The supper was cooked and had been in the oven, warming, for ten minutes; but still they did not come.

She arose, lighted the lamp, and peered about the room. It was very plainly furnished and, as the glow of the lamp filled it, looked almost bare. "I can't help it," she muttered, "I can't leave my best knick-knacks about for that youngun to break."

Soon she heard the wagon draw into the yard and began dishing out the plain, but well-cooked, supper.

The door opened, and in came William, leading by the hand a freckled-faced, open-eyed boy of about eight. He wore a little straw hat; and, as he took it off, a tousled mop of bright red hair shone in the lamp-lighted room. As he opened his mouth to speak, he revealed the fact that he was minus two teeth in front; but his smiling face was all happiness. Stepping forward, he extended his hand to the outstretched one offered by Aunt Matilda. Being asked his name, he promptly answered:

"Freddy Anderson, ma'm. Some calls me Fred, and some Fredrick, like the matron what keeps the home; but the kids what I likes best calls me Freddy, and I like that best. It's nicer soundin', don't you think?"

Aunt Matilda was well taken back by this loud burst of easily flowing language.

"Very well, Frederick," she said as she seated him at the table, "now you may tell us all about yourself."

Before eight o'clock Freddy had certainly acceded to this request.

Matilda arose and told Freddy to get ready for bed and to return when he was ready. "You must say your prayers to me, Freddy," she announced.

"We say them things at the home," he answered, as he started up the winding stairway. "They tells us to thank God for the good things we has to eat and for the nice beds to sleep

on and all that; but I think that pumpkin pie was lots better'n I ever ate afore, bigger piece, too, and your bed's like Heaven 'side those hard things I been used to all my life. I sorta think I'd like to live here all the time."

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Matilda to her brother as the child withdrew from sight. "And I told you to bring a quiet little fellow, and this child's talked so much that we haven't been able to get one word in edgeways."

But William only went out chuckling. He fully believed he was going to enjoy the child's company.

The next morning before William and Tillie had awakened, Freddy had slipped down-stairs and out the back door. He was used to arising early; and, besides, he wished to investigate before he had his breakfast. He stretched his little arms above his head and went forth to explore. The first objects which met his eye were a flock of little chicks. He started forth at a skip, and the old hen began calling her little flock after her as she started at a running gait across the barn yard. Then somehow or other, Freddy tripped and fell flat. Before he could scramble to his feet, the old hen had jumped on his head and was pecking his ears. Freddy wanted to scream; but, instead, he took hold of the hen by the neck. When he had pulled long enough for the good of his feelings, he dropped it. For some reason or other it did not move. Freddy thought it must have fainted like the lady who had been frightened by a mouse at the home and who had fainted. Drawing a bucket of water from the well, he threw it on the hen, hoping to revive it. As this had no effect, he thought it would be best to hide it somewhere. He went into the barn; and, digging a deep hole in the hay, he threw the hen in and covered it up. He guessed they wouldn't miss that hen anyway, because there were lots more just like it in the yard.

Having done away with the hen, he thought it best to return to the house before he got into any more mischief. As he was crossing from the barn to the house, however, he saw a family of little pigs in the yard. Having never seen a pig before, he did not know they were so slippery. He finally captured one little fellow, but did not succeed in holding it. As it fell from his arms, he caught it by the tail and hung on for all he was worth. The little pig ran squealing across the yard, into the barn, and through a hole in the barn just big enough

for the pig to run through; but Freddy was not so lucky. He got through as far as his shoulders, and there he stuck.

William, coming out into the barn yard a little later to do the chores, heard the stifling sobs of little Freddy and ran to the rescue. Having freed the trembling youngster, he led him into the house. From head to foot he was covered with mud, and his little freckled nose was scratched and bleeding.

Then Aunt Tillie told him he was to leave the live stock alone in the future; he promised faithfully. That night he added to his prayers, "Please, God, don't make them horses too hungry for hay."

On one occasion, William was going to the village to get the horses shod, and Matilda allowed Freddy to go also. Freddy had been with them for three weeks and a half, and he was going home on the following Saturday. As he sat on the wagon with William, before starting out, Matilda could not help from being proud of him. His little freckled face had grown chubby; and, wearing his little narrow, freshly pressed breeches, starched waist, and his face shining from the use of much soap and water, he looked a perfect angel. Waving good-bye to Tillie, the two rode out of the yard, and quiet settled over the house.

When they reached town, William rode into the blacksmith's shop and lifted Freddy down. Aunt Matilda had given him a whole nickel. He marched starchily into the village store and bought a penny top and indulged the rest in candy. As he left the store feeling quite puffed up, he saw a little gray squirrel running along the fence. Surely Aunt Matilda wouldn't mind his chasing this little animal. So he started off with a whoop. His cheeks bulging with candy, as he thrust the top into his pocket, he ran along by the fence after it. As he tried to scramble through the barbed-wire fence, he stuck fast and hung suspended. Screaming and wriggling, he tried to free himself; but it was of no use. Finally, he gave one final jerk and fell flat. Anyhow, he was free; and it didn't matter much if he did tear his breeches because, he guessed, Aunt Matilda could fix 'em. Then he made his way to the blacksmith's shop, after picking up his precious top, which had fallen to the ground from his pocket.

It was getting late and was therefore dark when William and Freddy drove into the yard, and Matilda did not notice the dilapidated state Freddy was in. Freddy told her everything

that had happened and all he had seen, not including the experience with the squirrel, of course, then ran up the stairs to bed, while Aunt Matilda cleared off the table. "Thank goodness, I don't wear my best breeches everyday," he thought, as he crawled into bed.

The sun was rising over the hilltops, and it was already throwing off a great heat, on the morning on which Freddy was to return home. Matilda had arisen early this morning in order to pack a lunch for William and Freddy, and to see that the boy's clothes were in good condition. As she pulled out his Sunday breeches, she gasped at the sight. Calling Freddy, she asked the reason for the torn breeches.

Of course, he explained everything, just as any little boy of his age would, and as this was his last day, he was not severely punished.

As Freddy kissed Matilda a good-bye and William lifted him bodily into the wagon, Matilda's eyes filled with tears. She had to admit that she hated to have him go, and to think she should have to send him home in his everyday trousers!

When William returned that evening, he went about his chores silently. When he came in for the evening meal, Tillie watched him very closely and finally broke the silence.

"It's awful lonesome without him," she said. Then presently, she added, "You know, William, I think it would be kinda nice to adopt the little fella, don't you?"

Evidently William did; for his face lighted up, and he came over to Tillie and answered, "Bless your heart, Tillie," he laughed, "I wanted to all the time, but I was kind of 'fraid to mention it."

The Rain God

Louis Hanchett, '21

It was a fearful night. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind, which blew like a hurricane from the north, seemed to co-operate with the rain that the night might be made more miserable. To the north, south, east, and west, nothing could be seen but the barren country of the eastern slope of Lower California.

But why should that pair, an aged man and a youth in his teens, be out in such a night, hundreds of miles from civilization?

A millionaire, a collector of antiques, had heard of a gold Aztec idol which had been buried by the Aztecs when the Spaniards were conquering Mexico. He, much desiring to possess this idol, offered to the man and boy, the old man's son, a large fortune if they would secure it for him. Thus we find our idol-seekers, twenty days from Tia Juana, out in one of the worst storms that had ever swept the lower peninsula. They were traveling under cover of darkness on this particular night in order to elude a small bandit force which had given them a wild chase the day before.

"Father, don't you think we are safe to stop for the night, Ned (the pack burro) is very tired and won't be able to stand up under this storm much longer?"

"No, we dare not stop; in the first place, there is no protection about against the storm; and, in the second place, if we 'mush' on, we will reach the mountains by morning, where we will be safe from bandits."

So they plodded on.

When the day broke, the storm subsided; and the pair had left the barren slope far behind and were entering a rocky, mountainous country. They now felt safe to rest and build a small fire.

Far into the afternoon they rested, taking turns at sleeping and tending the fire near which they were drying their clothing. When they did start forward again, they went with lighter hearts; for their long journey was about at an end.

The rest of the afternoon they spent in hunting for a more favorable spot for camp, and long before sunset, were rewarded.

They pitched their small tent, rolled out their blankets, gathered a large supply of wood, and then prepared supper. After the meal they brought out an old map upon which they depended to be guided to their object of search.

"I find there must be some cliff dwellings in this neighborhood," said the old man, resting his finger upon a few black spots that represented the latter.

"If there are cliff-dwellings, how far do you think we are from them?"

"By the scale, a mile and a half."

"Listen, father, it's starting to rain."

"Yes, my son. I anticipated a heavy storm when I had you gather an extra supply of wood. I firmly believe this storm will last for several days."

True to the old man's anticipations, the storm lasted four days, and such a storm—only those who have witnessed a peninsular storm can realize its wild actions. The treasure-seekers, however, were moderately safe, or rather, comfortable, as their tent was well protected and they had plenty to occupy their time.

There must be an ending to everything; so with the storm; and, although there was a river, or a creek, left running in every pocket of the mountains, the weather conditions were such as to permit the beginning of their search.

The first days of their search passed, light-heartedly; but, as the days began to lengthen into weeks the two became discouraged and were more than once on the verge of turning back.

At last, after a very unsuccessful hard day's search, they gave up the idea that an Aztec idol exer existed, and planned to start home the next day.

The next day broke; and, while the father made the preparations for leaving, the lad was left to meditate upon his gloomy thoughts. Before him he could see only a long and hard journey which was doubly burdensome as they must go home empty handed. If they had succeeded in finding the idol, his sister could go to college, he could go to college, and his father and mother could spend the rest of their lives in comfort. But there was nothing left. Nothing but a life's struggle for existence.

"George! George!"

His father was calling him; he turned; it meant they were going to start home. When he reached his father, he felt a

sudden change in the atmosphere; it had been a change for the best; for his father was bending over a large chunk of gold. It was the gold idol.

"The Rain God must have wanted me to take him, for he had us camp right beside him, and then he uncovered himself with his rain."

The Red And Gray Editors' Reward

Fay Jordan, '20

"What do we get for all this work?"
We were asked the other day.
"Oh, nothing at all but thanks," we said,
"Our glory is our pay."
And straightway 'round the corridors came
Some schoolmates on the run;
And advancing toward our helpless selves,
Said, "Gee, this issue's bum."

First Prize Poem

A Modern Lochinvar

Helen Snook, '22

Oh young Belvidere has come home to the west.
Through all the wide world his plane was the best;
And, save a few bombs, he weapon had none;
He flew all alone and captured the Hun,
So faithful in love, so free from all fear,
There never was an ace like brave Belvidere.

He stayed not for boat, he stopped not for train;
He put on his coat, and mounted his plane;
And home to his sweet-heart so quickly he flew
That he sprang a surprise on his rival, too.
For a cad of some wealth, but a slacker in war,
Was to wed his fair Ellen, while he was afar.

So boldly he entered her garden gate,
With courage enough to meet any fate.
Then up spake the bride's father, with flashing eye,
For the cringing bridegroom heaved not a sigh,
"Why come you here, now when my daughter's to wed?
You'd never return from o'er seas it was said."

"So ho! that's how you fooled my Ellen fair
Into promise of marriage with money bags there!
Then come, my lost love, one old-time dance,
Ere we say farewell and I go back to France
To solace my grief with a little French beauty,
Of to give up my life in line of duty."

So he whirled her away in a merry dance,
To the end of the garden, where, by chance,
His aeroplane rested in a grassy space.
One leap, a touch, and with easy grace,
They mounted upward into the blue,
As the Modern Lochinvar waved adieu.

Second Prize Poem

The Fisherman

Leonard Rottman, '22

He starts early in the morning,
With a smile upon his face,
O'er stones and through briers,
'Til he find his favorite place.
Wading out into the water,
He tries his line and fixes his bait,
Then, far ahead he casts it,
Lights his pipe, and waits.

Cares and troubles all forgotten,
But his mind upon his work,
As he stands there in the sunshine,
Waiting for that little "jerk."
After awhile he feels a pulling,
And he sees the line grow tight,
Then he winds his line a little,
Sure enough, he's got a bite!

Then he grasps his rod more firmly,
Pulls, and when he looks,
Sees he lost his bait and missed him,
For there's nothing on his hooks;
But, with patience still undaunted,
He decides to try again,
For, with due consideration,
The fault was very plain.

In excitement of the moment,
He had failed to do the trick,
'Cause he had not gauged his time,
And had pulled his line too quick.
Next time he waited longer,
Before he got a bite,
When he did, he had a big one,
And 'twas putting up a fight.

This time he played it carefully,
Made sure before he "yanked,"
And the result was worth the effort,
As he ate him, later, "planked."

The Enchanted Carriage

Muriel Hampton, '19

Oh! the old family carriage!
  What a source of delight!
  No gilded coach of lord or knight
Was ever half so splendid.

So oft in my childhood days,
  In motionless coach, my fancy
  Bore me in wondrous journey
To the land I desire to know.

Lo! it becomes a pumpkin coach!
  Within, in lovely silken dress,
  Her face aglow with happiness,
  Rides a tiny Cinderella.

Now it is a prairie schooner.
  The tired immigrants within,
  Weary of the strife and din,
Dream of home—or California.

Then it is a quaint jinriksha ,
  Bearing a lady of Japan.
  So shy, demure, with gorgeous fan,
She half conceals her pretty face.

Again, 'tis an old, old stagecoach,
  With folks and baggage in and out.
  The trumpet sounds, the people shout,
The horses strain, we're off at last!

Ah! the old family carriage!
  What a source of delight!
  No other coach, howe'er so dight
Was ever half so splendid.

ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

PAUL COLBURN,	President
JOSEPH VURGASON,	Vice-President
ERNESTINE ADAMS,	Secretary
BISHOP EDMONDS,	Treasurer

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

SENIORS:	Marvin Byers,	Merna Bradford
JUNIORS:	Adele Ogden,	Harry Wade
SOPHOMORES:	Kathryn Coburn,	Grayson Brand
FRESHMEN:	Helen Snook,	Marjorie Beck

ATHLETICS

Boys' Basket Ball

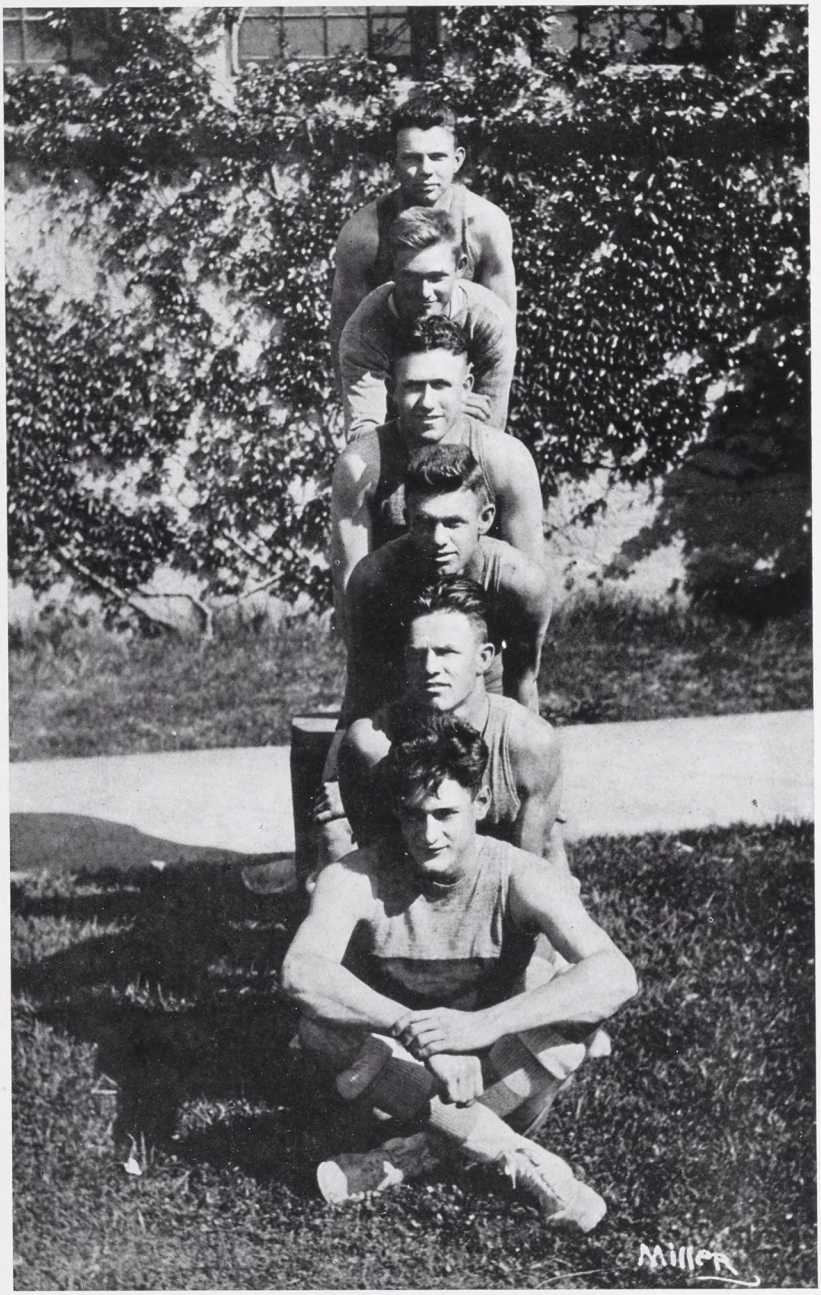
The basket-ball season was heralded by the interscholastic games. The first game was between the Seniors and the Sophomores. Two series were played, one week apart. The honors were taken by the Seniors who lost no games during the season. They were closely followed by the Juniors.

After a few days of practice following this double series, National City played Army and Navy at Army and Navy Academy, defeating them by a score of 15-13. The games after this were with teams as follows:

National City vs. Fallbrook, at Fallbrook, 31-32.
National City vs. Riverview, at National City, 14-8.
National City vs. El Cajon, at National City, 20-16.
National City vs. Escondido, at Escondido, 20-21.
National City vs. Coronado, at Coronado, 26-18.
National City vs. San Diego at National City, 8-35.

Though the season opened very satisfactorily and the outlook for a promising team proved good, the unexpected came in the loss of Clark and Bishop Edmonds, in one game, and a little hard luck in others.

The boys showed their strength and team work when they played several games with the Navy teams, holding them to close scores. Clark Edmonds was known as National's basket man, as he made the highest average for baskets. The men receiving basket-ball letters were: Colburn, captain and center; Vurgason, mgr. and guard; Hamilton, guard; Clark and Bishop Edmonds, forwards; Wagner, substitute.



Basket Ball

Girls' Basket Ball

Girls' basket-ball has been more successful this year than ever before. Although the "Flu" interfered with the practice, the girls all showed the best of sportsmanship and school spirit. No one was sure of a place on the first team until it was chosen, and even then some changes were made. The school owes all the girls, who came out for basket-ball, a great deal, not only those girls who received letters, but also every girl who came out and practiced, for it was only by their aid that the season was so successful.

National City should be proud of her girls' team, for they accomplished this year what had never before been accomplished by the girls' athletics of N. C. H. S., the defeat of San Diego.

The girls on the team this year were:

Marion Boulette, forward; Bertha Scott, forward; Kathryn Coburn, jumping center; Helen Snook, side center; Nora Perman, center (sub); Margaret Kellogg, guard; Rita Hammann, guard; Gladys Riggle, guard (sub).

All the girls did excellent playing, and it is with keen regret we see Capt. Bertha Scott, forward for three years, and Manager Marion Boulette, forward for two years, graduate this year.

The schedule was as follows: Games played—

March 25, Riverview vs. National, 4-22.
March 29, Escondido vs. National, 16-6.
April 18, Ramona vs. National, 10-12.
April 25, San Diego vs. National, 13-15.
May 1, Coronado vs. National, 8-18.
Games forfeited to National—El Cajon, Fallbrook.

Football

At the opening of the football season, the outlook for a team was very unfavorable; hardly enough men came out to make a full team. Finally, a first team and a few substitutes were secured; and prospects became brighter; but gloom descended again upon the few men who were determined to keep football alive in National Hi, for the captain joined the S. A. T. C. at Junior College in San Diego.

A new captain was selected and the team rallied. The practices were short and snappy, and once more we had hopes of winning a few of the scheduled games.

The first game of the season was played with San Diego at San Diego. National lost; but San Diego's score was the smallest that she has been able to boast of in years. Score: San Diego, 27; National City, 6.

The next game was played with Coronado at National City, with most disastrous results as far as score was concerned; but it must be remembered that the Coronado game took place during the influenza epidemic, and the team was greatly handicapped by loss of the regular center and several of the strongest players. Score: Coronado, 61; National City, 0.

Because of the continuation and recurrence of the influenza

scourge, the remaining games of the schedule were not played.

The men receiving letters were Gammon, Captain; H. Wade and Thompson, two-year men; N. Richardson, Manager; M. Wilson, Tarr, Powers, Austin, E. Wade, Stewart H. Harris, Minniker, O. Caldwell, one-year men.

The two best substitutes were Gibbs and L. Allen.

However meagre the results of football for 1919 may appear, it is true that National Hi now possesses a good deal of football material. indeed, first class material; and we hope that this material will be shaped into a winning team for 1921 and bring back to National Hi some of the successes of former years.

Baseball

As soon as the basket-ball season ended, National High began working toward a baseball team. The first practices took the forms of a series of inter-class games. These always create a great deal of interest among all the classes. The Sophomores and Freshmen played the opening game, with the Sophomores emerging victorious from the fray. The next contest was between the Juniors and Seniors. It was a hard fought game; but the score favored the Seniors, by the decision of the coach who did not see everything as the Juniors saw.

A final scrap between the Seniors and Sophomores closed the inter-class strife, with the Seniors victorious.

After one week's practice, National and San Diego tangled bats with great energy, but to no avail for National, as the score, at the end of the game, stood 3-1, in favor of San Diego.

National and Army and Navy next met on the home diamond. National walked away with this game, making nine runs in the first inning and a final score of 23-5.

El Cajon and National were destined to meet each other in one of the most exciting games of the season. The teams were evenly matched; but El Cajon with the advantage of familiarity

with one of the most treacherous diamonds in Southern California, its chuck holes, and other peculiarities, finally secured one extra run; and the score was 5-4.

As this account goes to press, the Coronado game has yet to be played; but National will undoubtedly win this game unless some wholly unexpected event occurs to upset the present status of the two teams.

The baseball team has had a fairly successful and interesting season. The team has been weak on hitting; but Brainard as pitcher, and B. Edmonds as catcher, have worked together remarkably well. The best work on bases has been done by C. Edmonds, although the other men have shown fair form, as the close scores with the two strongest teams in the county prove.

Calendar

Sept. 3—Once again we return to school after an enjoyable vacation. Assembly, in which the faculty is formally introduced by Mr. Martin.

Sept. 4—Have you a desirable schedule? If you have, most of the students would say that you were lucky.

Sept. 6—Assembly, in which Red Cross Office nominations are made and the boys rally to football.

Sept. 9—Admission Day, vacation. Joy!

Sept. 11—The Freshies begin to feel at home in High School, so the girls appear at school wearing hose of characteristic colors, green, purple and yellow. Did you notice Miss Worden sighing?

Sept. 12—Registration Day, but no vacation. Oh girls, look at our schoolmates in real khaki uniforms. Bashful boys, take the hint if you want to become popular.

Sept. 13—A. S. B. meeting, in which Red Cross Officers are elected. (It is astonishing to know the number of students who have only one study period. They must be working hard.) First class meetings, in which class officers are nominated.

Sept. 16—The Freshies cast anxious glances toward the Sophs. Wonder what the Sophs will do to the children.

Sept. 17—First Red and Gray Staff Meeting. Work done by halves is never done right, was the moral of our meeting.

Sept. 18—Hurrah! Vacation to go to the circus.

Sept. 20—Freshmen-Sophomore Rush. Both classes show good sportsmen spirit. Noble Sophs give a reception to the Freshies at the K. of P. hall in the evening.

Sept. 23—Mr. Goodenow thinks his Latin I students are an ignorant bunch; but good looking.

Sept. 25—We came, we recited, we left.

Sept. 26—One of those exceptionally peaceful school days.

Sept. 27—Assembly, followed by Class Meetings, in which election of Class Officers were held. The brave Sophomore boys' basketball team play the Sherman team. One of those easily played games.

Sept. 30—All patriotic girls coming out for Red Cross; sewing is the issue.

Oct. 2—October showers. Brief Assembly, in which the A. S. B. decides to give M. Beattie a remembrance, as he will soon leave us to begin Y. M. C. A. work for the Government.

Oct. 4—Patriotic Assembly, in which members of the respective classes give "Four-Minute" orations amid great enthusiasm from Student Body. President of the A. S. B. presents Mr. Beattie with a wrist watch. Mr. Martin introduces our new Commercial teacher, Mr. Jeffers. Juniors give Mr. Beattie a farewell party in the evening.

Oct. 7—Four Senior boys join S. A. T. C. at San Diego High School. This is a time for every American to support his country.

Oct. 9—One, Jimmy, could not keep step in Drill today.

Oct. 11—Class Meetings and Literary Societies. In the evening the Seniors gave a farewell party to Paul Colburn, James Hamilton, Bishop Edmonds and Clark Edmonds, their soldier classmates. Did you hear what Norton R. told Bertha S. as they were bidding each other good-night?

Oct. 11 to Nov. 18—Enforced vacation because of influenza. However, we had assignments for outside work which **had** to be done.

Nov. 11—Armistice signed. Joy! Our boys will soon be coming home, bringing—lots of things.

Nov. 18—Back to school again, who have that fortune. Resolutions and a floral offering are sent to Mr. and Mrs. Constantine because of our schoolmate Pierre's death.

Nov. 19—Again the Juniors champion over the other classes in securing pledges for the United War Work.

Nov. 22—Brief Assembly, Class Meetings, and Literary Societies. Very soon Miss Wadlington will have to start a course in the study of debates if the students do not inform themselves on the subject.

Nov. 26—Mr. Spafford calls Joe V. down in Chemistry because he didn't know Joe was calling Marybelle instead of a real "kitty."

Nov. 27—Alarm clocks find use by students, for school begins at 8 a. m., in order that we may be dismissed to see the Aeroplane Peace Parade.

Nov. 28—Thanksgiving Day. We are thankful for one day's vacation.

Nov. 29—Had a fine dinner yesterday, pleasant memories remain. We welcome Mr. Beattie back to National High. Mr. Jeffers has been called back East. Football game wins a fine support from the Student Body.

Dec. 2—More "flu" cases, but school continued. Brief Assembly, in which we have a Junior Red Cross Rally. Red and Gray Staff Meeting to decide to continue concentrated work.

Dec. 3—Beware if your lessons are unprepared—Faculty.

Dec. 4—Assembly. Indefinitely in the future, we are to have vacation, but work must be done just the same. Teachers hold little interviews at certain hours each day.

Dec. 16—Red Cross Hospital is made in the Kindergarten rooms.

Jan. 6—Once more we begin school. A few students come to school with "gags" on. Wonder if Mr. Beattie is of French descent; at least his mustache is.

Jan. 7—Work begun at full force; exams.

Jan. 8—Assembly, in which an official announcement is made that reforming the habits, acquired in vacation, will

start immediately. How will they do it?

Jan. 9—Returns from previous exams reveal many???

Jan. 10—Class Meetings in which athletics and class affairs are discussed.

Jan. 13—One lucky day to get work done on.

Jan. 14—Mr. Kulzer appears in First Lieutenant's uniform. Girls, don't smile too broadly because you might not be able to look serious quickly enough when the teacher calls for attention.

Jan. 16—Miss Caldwell had a surprise because the girls in Physical Education were really tame. Superintendent West and Physical Education Supervisor were at school.

Jan. 17—Earle Requa advises Joe V. to come up to Los Angeles in order to grow. (Which way?) Pictures of classes for Red and Gray are taken today after our Class Meeting.

Jan. 18—Tag Day for the children (of San Diego Orphans' Home).

Jan. 20—January showers prevent eighth period activities.

Jan. 21—All out to practice basketball for Interclass Series is the call.

Jan. 23—Murmur is heard among the Freshies and Sophs because they are not allowed to have their little party until after the beginning of the second semester.

Jan. 24—Wonder if Majorie E. has forgotten she is a Senior because hiding Johnnie Power's book and then looking very sympathetic do not become a Senior. Assembly, in which enthusiasm for the coming Interclass Games is exhibited.

Jan. 27—Interclass Games begin.

Jan. 28—Eight o'clock study periods are enforced. More games.

Jan. 29—Mr. Beattie is ill this week and, therefore, absent from school. More games and sore muscles.

Jan. 30—A little four-year young boy is a perfect acting member of the American History Class. Norton R., can not stand this, and, accordingly, becomes an infant in

behavior. Miss Miriam Jones and Mr. Blount visit school. The Junior Play is given in a pleasing manner.

Jan. 31—Everyone is sleepy—the morning after the night before.

Feb. 3—The weather is wet. Lectures the eighth period, which are more or less appreciated by the students.

Feb. 4—Another basketball game of the series.

Feb. 5—Freshies and Seniors dress with peculiar taste for the colors that are worn are loud and clashy. Senior girls exhibit their pig-tails, which really are cut. Last of the series of basketball games leaves the championship with the Seniors.

Feb. 6—Miss Scheer is welcomed back to school after several weeks' absence.

Feb. 7—Assembly, in which members of the football team are presented with letters, and Girl Scouts are organized. Cleff Club has a Mock Wedding at the home of their Vice-President, Clark Edmonds.

Feb. 10—Rain, rain, go away, but come back another day.

Feb. 12—Lincoln's birthday is celebrated by an assembly, in which the Junior Class furnish the program. The afternoon is a vacation. O, joy!

Feb. 13—8:00 to 11:40 a. m., electricity in the air; 11:40 a. m. to 2:00 p. m., Junior Class Meeting; 1:00 to 1:40 p. m., Sophomore Class Meetings; 3:00 to 3:35 p. m., both Junior and Sophomore Class Meetings; 6:00 to 10:00 p. m., evening rush between Junior and Sophomore boys. Soph boys use oranges and lemons as bullets, which they storm down from the towers in the front of the school; 10:00 to 2:00 p. m., Juniors have a gathering at home while the Sophies go home to bed.

Feb. 14—St. Valentine's Day. Fine class spirit exhibited in Assembly, in which the Juniors and Sophs furnish the entertainment. What is the clamor I hear? It must be the Sophs with pails gathering up their oranges and lemons. In the afternoon, we celebrate the Junior-Sophomore Rush, from which the Juniors win the largest score. Banquets in the evening with a dance

at the K. of P. hall. Senior Party in Music and Drawing Rooms.

Feb. 17—Assembly, in which Miss Halman gives a very interesting lecture on "Psychology."

Feb. 18—Ruth K. receives a beautiful little valentine in her Latin book, which had been in the pound. Mr. Goodenow gives her some advice.

Feb. 19—Red and Gray Staff Meeting.

Feb. 20—Girls run wild during gym. Boys have a practice basketball game with the men from Rockwell Field. The game was a little hard to distinguish from a football game.

Feb. 21—Assembly, in which the American History and the Senior Class give a Washington's Birthday program. Mr. Goodenow loses his music, making it difficult for the girls to dance their Minuet. Basketball game with Army and Navy is given the support of the students. Freshman-Sophomore party at K. of P. hall is reported a success.

Feb. 24—Second Quarter Report Cards are sent out, causing much excitement. Boys' basketball team plays the Sailors from Balboa Park.

Feb. 25—Assembly, in which enthusiasm to sell tickets for the P.-T. A. lectures is aroused. Also Mr. Spafford makes recommendations for commissioned officers of the Cadets, and announces the commission of Paul Colburn, Cadet Major, and that of Lester Allen, Cadet Adjutant.

Feb. 28—Brief Assembly is followed by Class Meetings. Boys' basketball team certainly practices hard in order to play a good game to-morrow.

Mar. 1—Boys' basketball game with Coronado is won by a wide margin 26 to 18 of Coronado.

Mar. 3—Isn't it fine to have soldier friends come home, Gladys?

Mar. 4—Beauty marks and empty minds. Marion Hunie reports college life fine. Sophomores give a farewell beach party for Elizabeth Cromwell.

Mar. 5—Assembly in which we are invited to attend a lecture on "League of Nations," given by Dr. Bard.

Mar. 6—Assembly in which Lieutenant Monroe Hamilton tells of his trip to France.

Mar. 7—Senior Ditch Day. Candy Parade by Junior boys during first period. Why don't they pass it around?

Mar. 10—Seniors bring back glowing accounts of their Ditch Day. Dr. Hill, a Civil War veteran, gives the U. S. History Class a talk.

Mar. 12—A startling marriage license notice is posted on the Bulletin Board, but Mr. Beattie does not own up to it.

Mar. 13—A cloud burst at 11:00 a. m. proves more entertaining than lessons.

Mar. 14—Assembly, in which the Junior Class give a program. The Freshies want to see the Junior girls stand on their heads again.

Mar. 17—St. Patrick's Day. We miss the beautiful green worn by the Class of 1918 on this day, but the Juniors wear green in their honor. Boys' basketball team plays El Cajon, they bring honors to themselves with a score of 26 to 16.

Mar. 19—Aren't the Senior pictures queer?

Mar. 21—Class Meetings and Literary Societies.

Mar. 24—Red and Gray Staff Meeting in which results of the contest were announced. Ernestine Adams, first prize story; Gladys Downs second prize story; Florence Markham, third prize story; and Louis Hanchett, honorable mention.

Mar. 25—Boys' basketball team play Riverview and champions with a score of 14 to 8; also the girls' team triumphs with a score of 22 to 4. Nevertheless everyone had a good time afterward in the Domestic Science Room.

Mar. 27—The Red and Gray Staff skips classes to have its picture taken.

Mar. 28—Boys' and girls' basketball teams play at Escondido. Assembly is postponed. In the evening the Juniors are entertained by a "Children's Party" at Mr. Beattie's home. A royal time is reported.

Mar. 29—Cleff Club gives an "April Fool Party," which was a great success.

Mar. 31—Beginning of Institute Week for our poor teachers, but a joyous spring vacation for us.

April 7—Back to school more or less prepared for our exams, which are the only means of revenge the teachers know.

April 8—Do you remember that feed we received after the basketball games at Coronado? Let's play them again!

April 10—Let's spend the night getting note-books ready to hand in tomorrow, or we will flunk.

April 11—Assembly, in which we rally for the Student Body Play. Our last basketball game for the boys is played against San Diego. Our season's playing has been a success, if not always in score, there are numerous other ways it has been a great success. For instance, it has broadened our ideas of sportsmanship outside our own team. The Sophomore girls give a surprise party for Florence M. Some of the girls make real good sailors, don't they?

April 14—Assembly in which Fay Jordan is elected May Queen, with Katherine Tarr, Esther Craft, Margaret Kellogg, and Helen Fish as attendants.

Apr. 16—Mr. Goodenow determines to have a quiet study hall and, accordingly, dismisses noisy members from the study hall. Girls in gym pose for a picture to be taken. First game of interclass baseball series.

April 17—Matinee of A. S. B. play. What a difference powder, paint, and clothes make in a person's appearance.

April 18—The Girls' Chorus gives a little play, called "Matrimonial Bureau," before the Assembly. A. S. B. play given in the evening to a full house. Did you see our girls' basketball team win over Ramona?

April 21—What a cute little basket of eggs an Easter bunny left on the desk of each High School teacher.

April 22—National nine play against National Bank team of San Diego, gaining a score of 15 to 0 in their favor. In the evening the Sophomore girls surprise Florence M. and Kathryn C. at Coburns' home.

April 23—New study hall teacher; the sixth period keeps order. We didn't think it possible!

April 25—We are proud of our girls' basketball team because of another victory over San Diego.

April 26—Sophomore Party at Olivewood is a grand success.

April 30—Did you enjoy those waffles which the Juniors served at noon?

May 1—We will have to carry May-baskets to the girls, who made so many baskets in the game this afternoon when Coronado tried to beat them.

May 2—Assembly in which Mr. Spafford announces the commissions of members of the Cadets. Mr. Karns presents letters to the boys of the basketball team.

May 5—The Cadets certainly can look dignified when they are having a formal inspection as they had today.

May 8—Everyone is trying to make May Day a booming success.

May 9—Everyone wants to be sure and attend the Minstrel Show at the K. of P. hall tonight. Did you see the Operetta this afternoon.

May 15—May Day Exercises are very pretty. Did you see the Queen?

May 24—Junior Prom. Are the class teachers tired?

May 29—Honor Scholarship Society and Board of Education Banquet. Yum, Yum!

June 15—The Senior Class goes to church.

June 16—Laying the Class Stone. Faculty Party to Seniors. Senior Class Night, what fun!

June 17—Dress rehearsal! ! ! Did some one say, "Rest"?

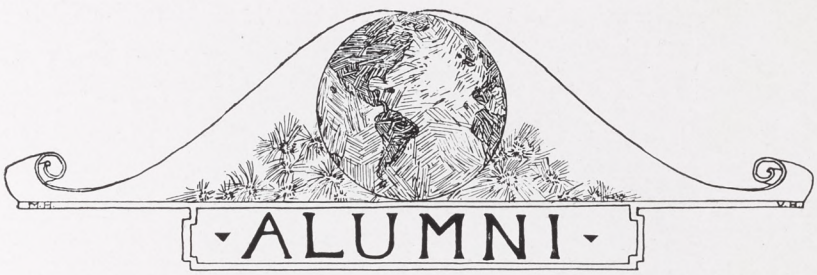
June 18-19—"Great Uncle Tom's Widow" appears. Charming woman?

June 20—Graduation.

June 21—Alumni Banquet.

June 23—Senior Dance.

Let's Go.

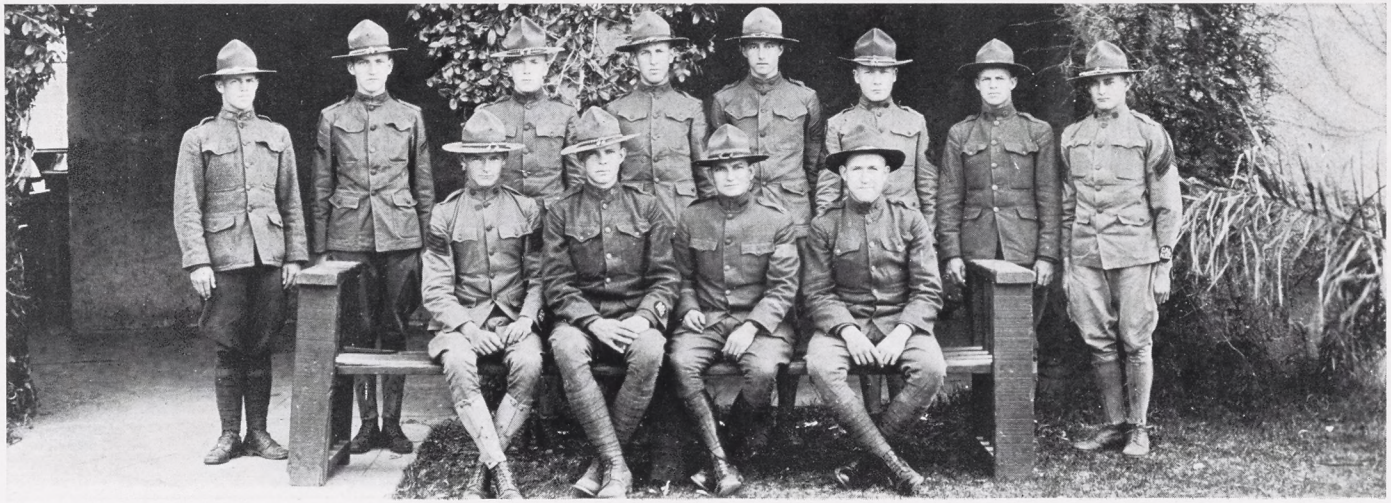


HONOR ROLL

OF THE

NATIONAL CITY HIGH SCHOOL

Abel, John D.
Addis, Mervin
Addis, William
Alexander, Leon
Allen, Morris
Amory, J. Forbes
Amos, Cecil
Armitage, Allen
Austin, Randall
Bale, Carl Richard
Ball, Harold E.
Barnes, Lyman
Bauer, Erich
Belknap, Liscoe
Blabon, Bert Bruce
Blanchard, Kenneth
Blanchard, Lawrence
Boal, Edgar
Burnham, Donald
Burnham, Gordon
Burnham, Harold
Campbell, Frank
Cantwell, Blair
*Christiansen, Roy
Christofenson, Nathaniel
Claypool, Charles
*Colburn, Paul W.
*Crandall, Steven
*Cronkite, Lloyd
Crumley, Vere
Dadmun, Erving E.
Hinkle, Lloyd
Huey, Ernest
Johnson, Halbert
Jordan, Howard
Kellogg, Foster
*Kingman, Gilbert
Kraft, Harry
Klein, Arnold
*Lindner, Cecil
Livingston, Albert
Mason, Allen
Merritt, Alfred
Merritt, Theodore
McDougal, Austin
McKague, Clifford
Niedfelt, Milton
*Noble, Richard
*Norton, John St. Clair
O'Neal, Ralph
Pecka, Elden
Place, Daniel
Pratt, Gordon H.
Ramage, Gelett
*Raymond, Forrest
*Richardson, Ackley
*Rider, Edward O.
Roberts, Preston
Routson, Jack
*Schleuniger, Arnold
Scott, Leonard L.
*Sette, Oscar Elton



Battalion Officers

Duyore, Edward
*Edmonds, Bishop Jacob, Jr.
*Edmonds, James Clark
Emerick, Walter
Fernberg, Frank
Flanders, Stanley
Flanders, Raymond
*Fritz, Gilbert
Gowen, George
*Hamilton, James Francis
Hamilton, John Monroe
*Harbison, Ira
Harris, Harold
Harris, Luther
Harris, Roy
*Higgins, Fred
*Skinner, James Harvey
*Smith, Harold
Smith, Robert
Soper, Fred Hubert
Spring, Paul
*Tattersall, Kenneth Lysander
Tinkham, Leo B.
Van Deripe, Harold
*Vietti, William
Vurgason, Clifton
Wade, Francis
Wade, Thomas C.
Waggoner, F. G.
Willoughby, Charles
Wilson, Marion

Note—No data about the exploits of those whose achievements in the war are generally known are given, because it was impossible to find information regarding all the men and boys listed.

*Names of members of the various Students Army Training Corps are included with those of all former High School students who served in the regular army or in the navy.

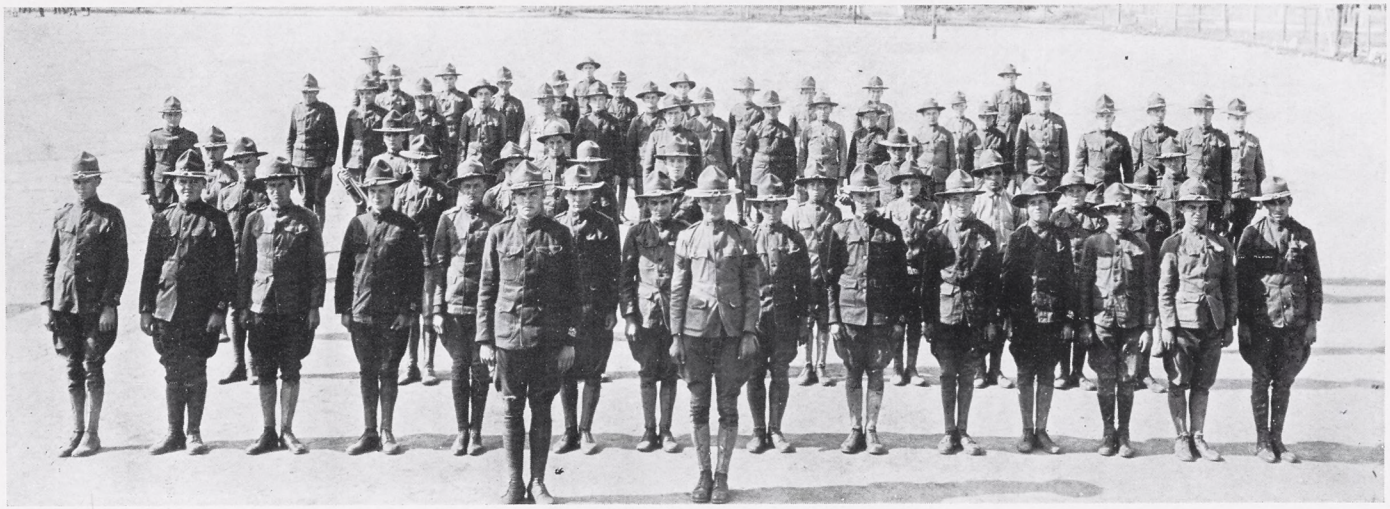
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The first Alumni banquet was held at the National City High School at 6:30, Saturday evening, June 15, 1918. After the dainty meal, prepared by the officers of the Alumni Association, the Alumni members present adopted the constitution as a whole, and proceeded to the election of officers. The results of the election were:

President.....Richard Allen
Vice-President.....Eunice Harris
Secretary.....Alice Crandall
Treasurer.....Donald Burnham
Director.....Harold Requa

Mr. Allen then called the meeting to order, and a business meeting followed. Mr. Martin and Mr. Seymour were elected honorary members of the Association; a committee was appointed for keeping the Alumni in touch with the school; dues of ten cents were collected; and several other matters attended to for a "sing."

Thus were the annual banquets inaugurated, and it is to be hoped that the custom will be continued.



The Battalion

Military Science

The Legislature of 1917 passed a law requiring every pupil in the public schools of California to be engaged in regularly organized physical culture work a minimum of two hours weekly. It wisely provided that military drill in a Cadet organization should be accepted in lieu of this physical training required of boys.

After submitting the question to the boys of the N. C. H. S. and consulting many patrons of the school, it was decided by the board and principal to require military drill of all boys of the High School. It was evident the school could not give both drill and physical education and allow a choice to be made.

Last June Brigadier-General Borree, the Adjutant-General, to whom the Legislature has entrusted the Cadet organization with the other military forces of the State, announced that attendance at a Commandants' Training Camp at the Presidio of San Francisco would be required of all Commandants of Cadets of the State.

National City sent four representatives to the camp, Arthur Kulzer, Charles F. Seymour, Francis G. Goodenow, and Erle G. Spafford. Mr. Kulzer enlisted in the S. A. T. C. at the close of the C. H. S. C. camp and was commissioned as Lieutenant in the army. Mr. Seymour left to accept a situation in the Long Beach High School, and Mr. Goodenow had the responsibility and office work of the vice-principalship. Hence it was decided to request the Adjutant-General that Mr. Spafford be commissioned Major and Commandant of Cadets.

At the opening of school in September, two companies were organized, known provisionally as the first and second companies. Later they were given their designations by the Adjutant-General; the 83rd Company and the 107th Company.

On January 8th, Paul W. Colburn, the President of the Student Body, who had been in attendance at the Junior College of San Diego and enlisted in the S. A. T. C. until it was mustered out of the service, was recommended for commission as Cadet Major, and Lester T. Allen as First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant.

On February 25th, the list of commissioned officers and non-commissioned officers of the staff was announced, as follows:

83rd Company—James F. Hamilton, Captain; Fred C. Petermann, First Lieutenant; Bishop J. Edmonds, Second Lieutenant.

107th Company—Fred W. Wagner, Captain; Joseph A. Vurgason, First Lieutenant; J. Clark Edmonds, Second Lieutenant.

Walter G. Albrecht, First Lieutenant and Battalion Quartermaster; John W. Power, Sergeant-Major; Robert C. Mitchell, Color Sergeant.

On May 5th, the following non-commissioned officers were announced and warranted:

83rd Company—Elmer P. Leffert, First Sergeant; Charles L. Austin, Sergeant; Welbourne D. Thompson, Sergeant; Frank M. Chase, Sergeant; Herman S. Harris, Corporal; Thomas E. Gammon, Corporal; William Poggi, Corporal; Theodore Erickson, Corporal.

107th Company—Theodore Brainard, First Sergeant; Will E. Pratt, Sergeant; Alfred Tarr, Sergeant; Benjamin Rottman, Corporal; Bertram Stewart, Corporal; John W. Addis, Corporal; Howard E. Scobey, Corporal.

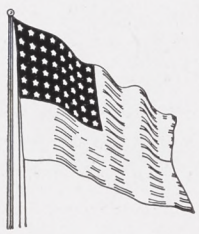
Soon after the signing of the armistice, the principal was notified that the Government was again in a position to issue U. S. magazine rifles, Model 1898, to schools making proper requisition and filing a bond as required by law. In April, the notification came that the bond had been approved and the rifles ordered shipped. Before the publication of this annual, they will doubtless be in the possession of the school and will certainly become available for drill and target practice next year, as the Government makes an allowance of ammunition for that purpose.

The progress has been very rapid, drill being held four afternoons each week for a period of forty-five minutes each, supplemented by target practice.

The object of the Principal and of the Commandant has been to make good students and good citizens rather than soldiers. In fact, it has hardly seemed the province of the schools to give technical training suitable for army training camps, but rather to develop the self-reliance of the student officers and the members of the student body. The results have been most satisfactory, as teachers have expressed their gratification at the good spirit shown by the cadets, not only in the Military organization but in all the activities of the school.

The question has often arisen as to what will be the status of the Cadet organizations now that peace has come. The law establishing the Cadet organization in California was passed before the declaration of war, and it is in no sense a war measure, hence the organization can not be influenced in any manner by the cessation of hostilities.

The War Department allows the Cadets to wear the uniform of the United States Army with their distinctive insignia, so they have the encouragement of the Federal government as well as the State of California. Hence it seems that the California High School Cadets, now numbering about 14,000 in 243 companies, organized in 96 High Schools, of which National City has a battalion of two companies, is to be a permanent organization.



Physical Culture

Junior Red Cross

Bertha A. Scott, '19

The Red Cross was organized as soon after school opened as possible. Mr. Goodenow was elected President; Bertha Scott, Vice-President; Orrel Blaine, Secretary; Miss Gerhkens, Treasurer; and Will Pratt, Chairman of the Salvage Committee.

The articles made by the sewing section are as follows: Forty-eight pajama suits, thirty-five bedside bags, thirteen sweaters, two pairs of socks, twelve pairs of bed socks, and thirty bandage-foot socks. During the summer the Girls' Knitting Club knitted twenty pairs of socks.

After the armistice was signed, we centered our efforts in civilian and foreign relief. In all, we collected over two hundred garments.

Will Pratt has been ever constant collecting salvage; as the results of his faithful efforts, he is able to report the following: Lead and tinfoil, fifteen pounds; peach pits, two hundred and fifty pounds; scrap iron, two hundred pounds; paper, sixty pounds; bottles, one hundred; bones, twenty pounds; and twenty-five typewriter ribbon boxes.

The Treasurer's report is: On hand October 1, 1918, $59.31. Twenty-five dollars was given to the Red Cross. Tag day, $33.07 was collected for the Children's Home. We have on hand now, $46.35; some of which was made by various sales.

Although the Senior Class is the only class in the High School with one hundred per cent membership, the other classes are well represented. Considering the interruption due to influenza, the Red Cross has justified its existence in the High School and will, no doubt, continue to grow in usefulness.

Domestic Science

"All jokes should have lanterns hung on them"—so the Freshmen may see them.

Paul Colburn—"Can everyone see the candidates on the blackboard?"

Mr. Goodenow—"Does anyone know the meaning of 'Mon Dieu'?"

Beatrice Ladroot—"I don't know what it means, but I hear my grandmother say it frequently."

Marion Phelps—"Mr. Beattie, what is nothing?"

Mr. Beattie—"Why—I am afraid you would consider that too personal."

Mr. Spafford—"You ought to know that you had alcohol in your class last year."

Miss Gehrkens to Advanced Algebra Class—"That's the way I go about proving that sort of a problem." (Absent mindedly)—"Let's see, I'm trying to think of the ways used by other authors."

Helen Petermann—"Why is there 13.1 aqueous tension in all gases?"

Mr. Spafford—"Why is there milk in a cocoanut?"

Miss Gehrkens—"It's only the things you don't know well you are scared of."

Charlie Austin—"Then I guess I don't know you very well."

THE GAME

Florence Markham, '21

Time was called,
  The game began,
The ball was new,
  All suits spick-span!

"Who made that error?
  There goes a basket!
A few more like that
  And we'll be in a casket."

"Now up in the center,
  Boy! Look at the team-play.
A few more goals like that,
  And we'll surely win the day."

"Now, Harry, go 'way;
  I don't want my ticket punched,
Go up on the bleachers
  And get after that bunch!"

"There's Clark with the ball!
  Look at the fielder!
Now, he is grinning,
  I bet his head's swimming."

"What's the score, Mr. Spafford?
  Only thirteen to three?
Why we had about a million,
  It seems to me."

"Only two minutes more,
  Now build up that score.
Toss it over there, Paul,
  And the rest will handle the ball."

"Time," yells the time-keeper,
  And the mob rushes around him,
"Fifteen to three, you say?
  Hoorah! We've won the day!"

THRIFT WITHOUT EDUCATION

is not much better than

EDUCATION without THRIFT

The man or woman of today must have both and the surest way to acquire thrift is to educate yourself into the habit of saving

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THE SAN DIEGO
SAVINGS BANK
NORTHEAST CORNER FIFTH AND F STREETS

TOTAL RESOURCES OVER
$6,000,000.00

Helen Petermann—"Our minds are so small we can't comprehend either the greatness or smallness of the universe."

Mr. Spafford—"Well—no—but we can talk about them."

Helen Petermann—But we don't talk intelligently, do we?"

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CLOTHING COMPANY
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Cadet Uniforms etc.
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National Avenue at Eleventh Street—Phone Nat'l 352-J

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TIRES, TUBES *and* ACCESSORIES
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ING, SUPPLIES, GAS *and* OILS
OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING

Equipped with good tools and mechanics to serve you

Mr. Goodenow—The reason our lips are so stiff is because we don't use them.

Ada Hickory (translating French)—"I am not looking at the girls, I am regarding the boys."

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WE would like to serve you with fresh goods at lowest cash prices, we turn our stock often, consequently our crackers, cakes and candies are always fresh. We also have a large line of food-stuffs suitable for lunches. Give us a trial boys and girls, and be convinced.

Telephone:—Pacific National 335

Mr. Spafford (In Chemistry Class)—"Hydrogen is a good reducing agent."

Ada—"Me for taking hydrogen."

A *CLEAN* Shop and *Accommodating* Service

Try us once and you will be a steady customer of the

ORPHEUM BARBERS

W. R. EVANS, Proprietor

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CITRUS PRODUCTS CO.

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ESSENTIAL OIL

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CHEMICALS

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Our Motto _____ *Good Goods*

Our Advert sement ____ *A Satisfied Customer*

FOR FEED:—Just tell "Central" National 14J

W. H. PETERS

Definition of a Blotter—A blotter is the thing you hunt for while the ink is drying.

Miss Wadlington in Eng. II—"We will review Caesar tomorrow and have a test Monday, I think it is best to have the test right after the review."

Billy Edwards—"Aw, Miss Wadlington, please give it to us next year."

Miss Wadlington—"Well, Billy, if you are not careful you will likely take it next year."

Charlie A.—"Virginia, stop making goo-goo eyes at me."

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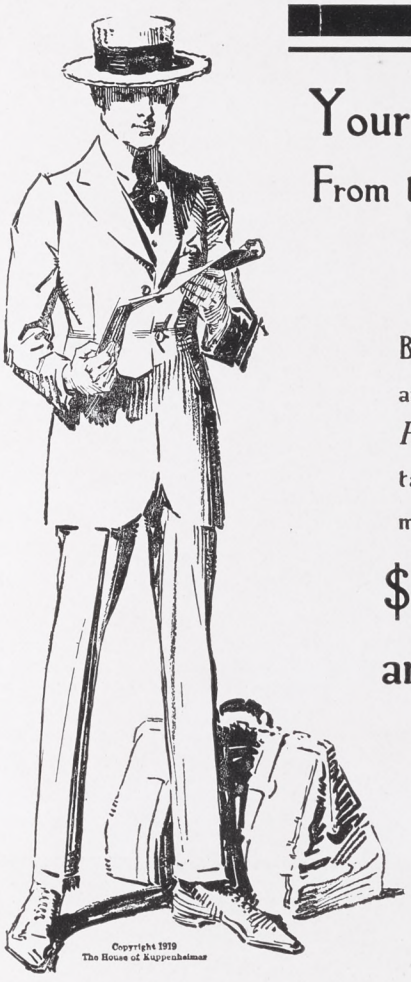

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WORTH CO.
WORTH BUILDING
Fifth Street at E

Miss Gehrkens, after a "feed" in the Domestic Science Room—"Gee, I must be some chicken, you're feeding me all the scraps."

When you wish Groceries

buy them at National City and especially at

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Fine Candies
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NATIONAL CITY, CALIF.
ALL HOT-POINT GOODS

Of course, we all know that Miss Wadlington is very particular in her speech, but one day in English IV this was heard—"What at last got Queen Anne's goat?" (great laughter from class). "You see that is the effect California has on me. I do believe that is the first time I ever said that." We think so, too!

Miss Wadlington—"My mental associations are with a dark Hamlet."

H. M. WADE
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National Avenue, National City, California

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WE have Clothes designed especially for young fellows who want Quality combined with "snap" and style. Get your Commencement suit here.

Benbough & Gillons

1041 FIFTH STREET

"THE YOUNG MAN'S STORE"

Miss Wadlington—"What is Gray's 'Elegy' written in a country church-yard about?"

Paul C.—"People."

Miss W.—"What kind of people?"

Paul C.—"Dead people."

Ruby McCool—"Oh, we know you are crazy about this class, Mr. Goodenow."

Mr. Goodenow—"Yes—literally crazy."

Miss Caldwell—"I can't stand between two vowels."

Ada C.—"Let it sit there, then."

Ruby—"What is your favorite fruit, Biddy?"

Biddy—"Kathryn."

Reed's Cash Grocery

is the place to buy

Why? Because we save you pennies

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(*Across from High School*)

The Spaulding Store

We don't believe it necessary to say anything further about Quality, Style or Service ● ●

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SPORT GOODS CO.

BROADWAY & 2ND

A Puzzling Question.

Marg. Lockhart—"If a man marries a widower, what happens?"

"Why, Virginia, we never knew this before! ! !

Mr. Spafford—"There is a large part of Virginia that is full of diatomaceous earth."

Majorie Edwards (during discussion of that luscious fruit, the pineapple, with Miss Hilditch)—"I never ate a pineapple right out of the shell."

Miss H. (in sociology)—"If it weren't for the country people sending products to the city, the city people couldn't live, for a minute."

Teddy B.—"They could hold their breath for a minute."

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Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Offer the utmost in clothes value
Styles of the hour at popular prices

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Mr. Goodenow—"Why don't you stay out-doors?"

Majorie E.—"I was out all last period. If I stay out any longer, I'll ruin my complexion."

Mr. G.—"Impossible."

Miss Wadlington—"Some people are Democrats; some are Republicans; but I am nothing."

Pacific, Nat'l 66-W

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THE LURE OF THE MELON PATCH

Marie Howard, '21

It was in a melon patch,
Upon a summer's night,
That a pickaninny huddled,
Eating with all his might.

And this partic'lar nigger,
A-sittin' 'mong those vines,
Had eaten almost everything,
Except the melon rinds.

He heard a noise, as if 'twere near,
And looking all around,
He thought he saw a man approach,
He dreaded to be found.

He jumped up quick as lightning,
For that nigger sho' was scared.
He darted 'cross the meadows,
As quickly as he dared.

He jumped into his bed that night,
And sighing in content,
He thought how lucky he had been,
And was glad that he had "went."

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Walter Morefield, reading shorthand in class—"The biography contains an authentic story of his boyhood on the other side of the Atlantic."

Miss Scheer—"Did any of you have any trouble with the sentence?"

Florence Eggleston—"I didn't know what boyhood was."

Ted Erickson—"Of course you didn't."

Adele (after whispering busily for several minutes without permission)—"Please, Mr. Goodenow, may I speak to Virginia?"

Mr. G.—"Why ask such an unnecessary question after whispering so long without permission?"

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J. JESSOP & SONS
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952 Fifth Street, San Diego, California

Miss W.—"Wilbur, you are dreadfully egotistical, everything is, 'I have seen.' "

Miss Wadlington—"There is, a willow grows aslant a brook on page 186."

Charlie Austin—"Which is correct, this is 1918, or this are 1918?"
Miss W.—"Why, this is 1918, of course."
Charlie—"'T isn't either, this is 1919."

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Mr. Goodenow—"You girls do annoy me so."

Mr. G. (In Study Hall to Elizabeth C., who was whispering to a Friend seated in back of her)—"Elizabeth, do you want me to have that seat turned around for you?"

Miss W.—"We love beauty, even tho' we find so little of it." Ada C. in stage whisper)—"Isn't she personal?"

TATTERSALL & CHASE

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is increased a hundred fold when taken in a fine, roomy bath of clean white enamel. Have you such a one in your home? If not, let us show you what we have and quote prices. You will be agreeably surprised at the low cost. Get our estimates today.

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Mr. G.—"Merle, get busy."
Merle—"I can't see around your corners."
Mr. G.—"I didn't know I was square, before."

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Charlie (Quotation from "Hamlet")—"I must hold my tongue tho' it break my heart."
Ada C.—"It would break yours to hold your tongue."

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If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly.
Tho' all the world should be submerged,
This book would still be dry.

Miss H.—"Majorie, will you face the front?"
Majorie E.—"Well, all the interesting people are behind me."

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---

Miss W. (to Wilbur while practicing his part off stage)—"That's fine, now why don't you do that on the stage?"

Wilbur—"I don't like to make a fool of myself."

Miss W.—"That's just what I want you to do."

PIONEER MEAT MARKET

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Moderate Prices

Miss W. (speaking of Greek plays)—"You don't know the attraction of young girls."

Norton R.—"Oh, don't you ever think I don't."

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Miss Caldwell (in Physical Education while giving the exercises)—Arms up; to the side and down; now altogether, up-side-down, up-side down."

Frank C.—"Say, did you know that we have a magician in the Junior Class?"

T. E.—"No, who is he?"

Frank—"Chuck Austin. He can brush and spike home plate without touching it.

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THE MID-WEEK EXAMS

Mildred Fish, '21

He thought that he was ready
To pass the hardest test;
That, if his head grew dizzy,
His cuff would do the rest.

His head grew dizzy, wobbly,
His eyes grew bleary red—
For his cuff he had left at the laundry,
He had his new cuffs on instead.

In despair he tore up his paper,
"Darn that laundry, drat that cuff."
But as for cheating in exams,
Our hero'd had enough.

Miss W. to Charlie—"Why—Charlie! I fear the Junior play has made you quite a flirt."

PHONE NAT'L 338J

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The Elwyn Sanitarium

National Ave. & Seventh, National City, Calif.

Kathryn C.—"After the show last night Frank and I went to Barbour's.

Innocent Freshie—"Why, did Frank need a shave?"

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BOULETTE'S STORE

Student's Headquarters
FOR SUPPLIES
National Drug Co's Store
Is the place

Frances R.—"Gee, isn't that girl old to be in High School? Why when I'm twenty I'll be through college, and married two years."

Harry W. (in stage whisper)—"Why, then, I'll be married two years, too."

Miss Wadlington—"My idea of Heaven is a place where we will be able to carry on our work just as we do here, without the limitations of earth."

Edwin Wade—"Are you going to teach this English Literature there?"

Miss W.—"Perhaps the best of it."

Edwin Wade—"Then I'm going to make sure I don't go to Heaven."

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Autographs

Harry W. Church '22

Rosina Saldwell – teacher

Leonard L. Pottman '22

Churchill Colburn '22

Charles Maynard '22

Aaron Miller '22

Frank Clutter '22

[illegible] '22

Harry M. Thomas '22

James Norton '21

George Lindner '20

Mary Belle Saltmarsh not Thos. '20

Howard E. Scobey '21

Frances Raymond '20

Edward Amos '21

Elma Spicer '20.

Theresa Cox 22

Lillis Jennelly 21

Marjorie Beck 22

Thomas Cammon 21

Robert F. Ogden '21

Hermon Harris '21

Autographs

Joseph A. Sturgeon Mgr. Ted A. Gray '20

Gladys Riggle, Girl's Sport editor, '20

Adele Ogden '20

Harold Willoughby '20

Edmore Heidel '22

Bruce Nicholson '22

Charles D. Safford '22

Birdie Boggs '22

Marjorie Miner '22

Mildred H. Hille

Dorothy Schmich '22

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